

# THE ATLANTIC

& BYSTANDER

CEMBER

14  
1955

2/-

LADY  
CLARKE







### TURKEY

That "Turkeys, heresy, hops and beer came into England all in one year," is broadly true. Turkey began to oust boar's head from the Christmas feast during the 16th century. As for hops—well, they made Guinness possible, and it's heresy to think of Christmas without Guinness.



### HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

Holly was once inseparable from ivy at Christmas; in folklore it stood for the male, and ivy for the female. ("Let Holly have the mastery, as he will"). Mistletoe, for our pagan forebears, symbolised the life-giving power of the sun stored up in the wood of the oak on which it grew.



### MINCE PIES

Ideally the ingredients of mincemeat should be chopped, not minced, but perhaps this is a counsel of perfection. Try adding chopped almonds—they diversify both texture and taste in an interesting way. And one last suggestion—wish for a Guinness every time you have a mince pie—it's good for you.

## Guinness Guide to Christmas



### TIPSY CAKE

Tipsy Cake is traditional at Christmas. It is a sponge cake soaked with a wineglass of sherry and one of brandy, covered with custard and stuck full of almonds. Yule-log Cake is seasonable too—a Swiss roll covered with chocolate butter icing.



### THE TRIMMINGS

Ever tried Cranberry sauce with your turkey? Are you adventurous about stuffings? Apricot stuffing is delicious; so is Chestnut forcemeat. Do you know the Yorkshire Christmas dish of lemon cheesecakes with orange jelly? And what about "remains"? Try Blanquette of Turkey, Salmi of Goose, or Devil'd Legs of Turkey.



### PLUM PUDDING

So called, one is tempted to think, for the thoroughly English reason that it has no plums in it. What it *can* have in it, with great gain to the flavour, is some Guinness. If you follow tradition and start mixing your pudding on "Stir up" Sunday, don't add the Guinness till just before you cook it.



### THE KISSING-BOUGH

A kissing-bough, the old English fore-runner of the Christmas tree, is made by joining three rings of wire or withy to form a 'globe'. Tie sprigs of ivy, yew, rosemary, bay or other evergreens to the rings, set candles round the equator, and hang the 'bough' from the ceiling.



## —AND GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

Copies of this page, together with Guinness Recipe Leaflets may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W.10



# The new high-speed Daimlers

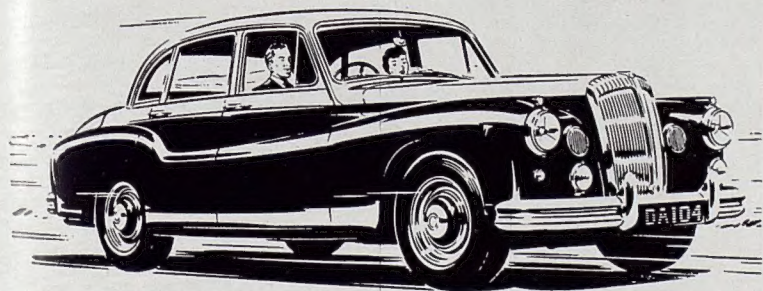
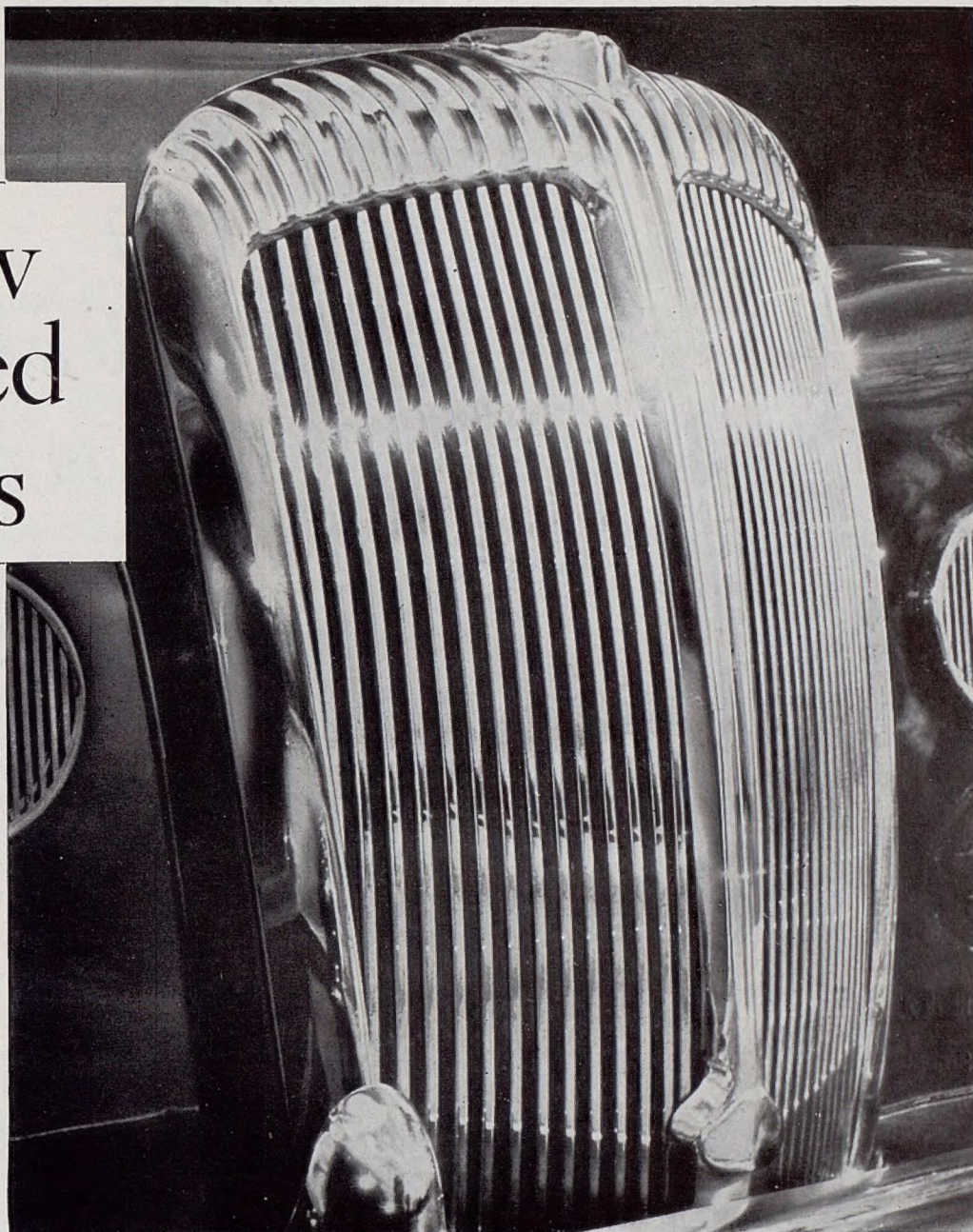
## THE NEW ONE-O-FOUR

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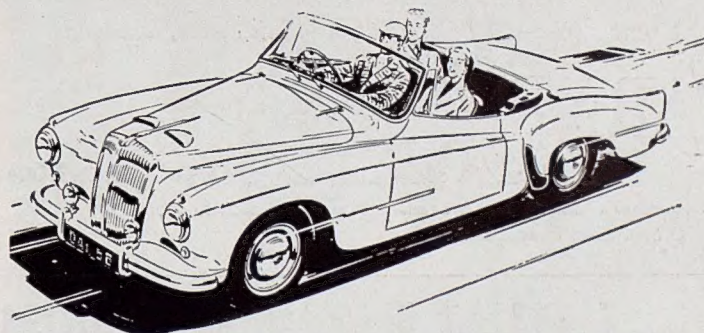
Preselector Fluid Transmission and Automatic Chassis Lubrication are standard equipment of all Daimler cars.



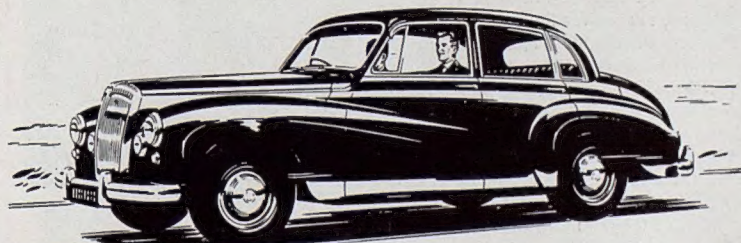
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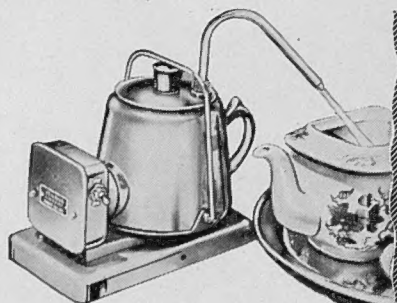
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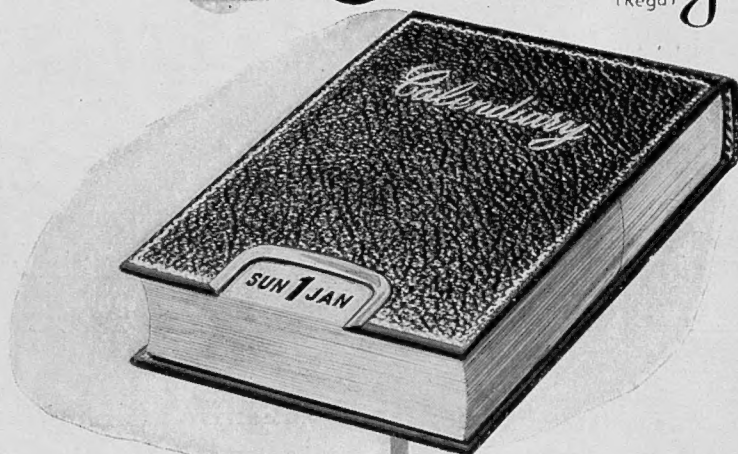
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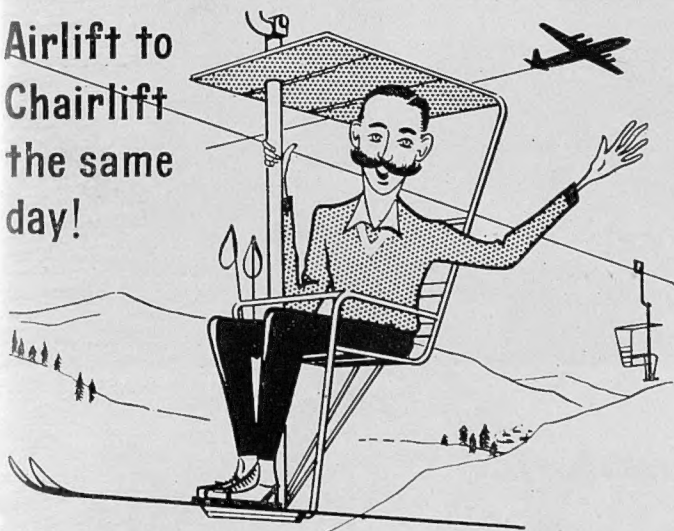
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## DIARY OF THE WEEK

December 14 to December 21

Dec. 15 (Thurs.) Royal College of Art Ball in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution and the Children's Country Holiday Fund.  
First night of *A Girl Called Jo* at the Piccadilly Theatre, with Joan Heal.

Dec. 16 (Fri.) The Queen inaugurates the new buildings at London Airport.  
Cresta Ball at the Savoy Hotel.  
Whaddon Chase Hunt Ball at The Old Ride, Little Horwood, Bucks.  
Berkeley Hunt Ball at Haresfield Court, nr. Gloucester.  
East Devon Hunt Christmas Ball at the Rougemont Hotel, Exeter.  
Eton breaks up.  
First night of *Listen To The Wind* at the Arts Theatre.  
Royal Choral Society, three Carol Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall (2 days).  
Racing at Hurst Park (two days).

Dec. 17 (Sat.) The Duke of Gloucester presents the Grand Prior Trophies at the St. John Ambulance Brigade Competitions at Porchester Hall, London.

Dec. 18 (Sun.)

Dec. 19 (Mon.) Harrow breaks up.  
The Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth Dance at the Dorchester.

First night of *Crank-Ho* at the Watergate Theatre.  
Racing at Southwell.

Dec. 20 (Tues.) The Queen attends a carol service at All Souls', Langham Place.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will see the afternoon performance of *Cinderella* at the Palace Theatre in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors.

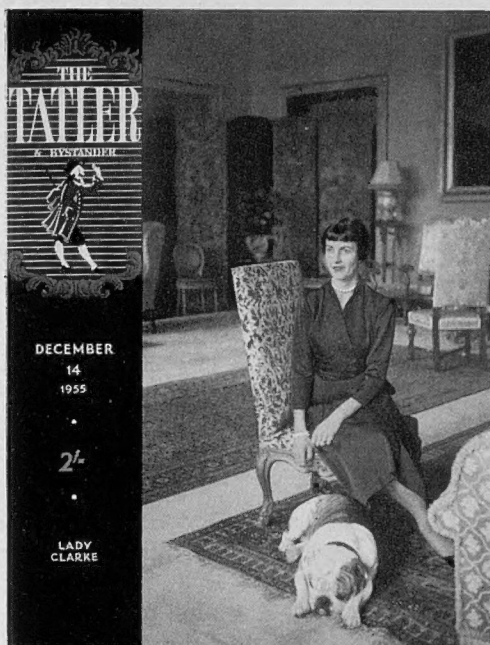
First night of *Beauty And The Beast* at the Players Theatre.

Dec. 21 (Wed.) Prince Philip attends a performance of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs.

First night of *Cinderella* at the Palace Theatre.

First night of *The Wild Duck* at the Saville.

First night of *Noddy In Toyland* at the Princes.



Michael Dunne

LADY CLARKE, whose photograph appears on the cover of the TATLER this week, is the wife of Sir Ashley Clarke, K.C.M.G., Great Britain's Ambassador in Italy. She is seen with her bulldog in one of the drawing rooms of the British Embassy in Rome, which, incidentally, was Germany's before the war. Lady Clarke, who is the daughter of Mr. Edward Bell, of New York, is deeply interested in the nineteenth century English theatre, about which she reads extensively, and is a collector of Pre-Raphaelite art, particularly that of Rossetti

## IN LONDON NOW

## THE OPERA

"La Traviata" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

A new production with the lovely Pilar Lorenzar from Spain, a young romantic Marguerite with a sweet voice. Finely supported by Richard Lewis as Armand Duval.

## THE FILM

"The Tall Men" (Carlton Theatre, Haymarket). A Western in the grand manner with

Clark Gable, Jane Russell and Robert Ryan leading a tough life through hostile Indian territory in the company of five thousand head of cattle.

## THE EXHIBITION

At the Fine Arts Society are fifty drawings by Sir W. Russell Flint, R.A., from his new book "Minxes Admonished, or Beauty Reproved," published by The Golden Cockerel Press this month.

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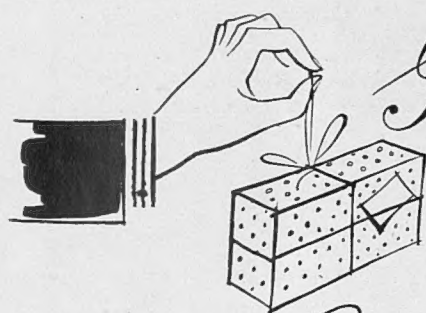




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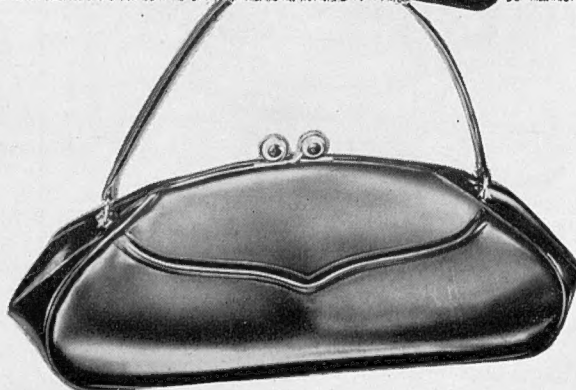
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Godfrey Cake

## Caroline Davson writes a story

**W**HEN you set about writing a short story, the title's half the battle. So thinks eight-year-old Caroline, elder daughter of Sir Geoffrey Davson, Bt., and Lady Davson. She carries on a family literary tradition, for her great-grandmother was Elinor Glyn, and her father has recently published the very success-

ful life of his grandmother under the pen name of Anthony Glyn. Sir Geoffrey, who is the second baronet, is a barrister, and married in 1946 Miss Susan Williams, the elder daughter of Sir Rhys Rhys Williams, Bt., D.S.O., Q.C., of Miskin Manor, Llantrisant. The Davsons live in Eaton Place, S.W.1



## MRS. EDMUND DE ROTHSCHILD

MRS. EDMUND DE ROTHSCHILD, formerly Miss Elizabeth Lentner, is the wife of Major Edmund de Rothschild who served with the Royal Artillery during the war and is now a partner in the family banking concern. She and her husband have a twin son and daughter, born in November, a daughter aged six and a son of four, while their home is at Exbury in the New Forest



Eric Coop

## *Social Journal*

## *Jennifer*

### ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON

THICK fog enshrouded Eton at the beginning of St. Andrew's Day and only began to lift for a short while around midday. I arrived in time for Absence and then proceeded to watch the annual match of Collegers *v.* Oppidans at the Wall. This is always rather a cold performance for spectators, who either stand on the damp grass or, if lucky, a narrow strip of duckboard. Nevertheless, with hands and feet freezing and noses blue, everyone congregates here for a short time before luncheon, possibly more to see their friends than the game, which is one of the most complicated to understand.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the latter wearing a short mink coat over her suit, walked along the field with their elder son Prince William who has been in Mr. Coleridge's house for a year. The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra of Kent, both wearing fur-lined boots, with thick camelhair coats into which they had tucked mink ties at the neck,

were escorted by Prince Michael of Kent—he is in his first half at Eton and has gone to Mr. Chamier's house.

I MET Sir Giles and Lady Loder with their elder son Edmund talking to Mrs. Brocas Burrows and her pretty daughter Jennifer and her Etonian son Richard, who is a very useful all-round games player and has got his "Eleven"—Col. "Buns" Cartright joined them and a little farther on were the Hon. Diana Herbert and her brother the Hon. Henry Herbert who is in Mr. Jaques's house, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger and their younger son Anthony, captain of fencing, Mr. Bill Curling and his son David who is in his first half, and Mrs. Margaret Dunne and her younger son.

Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian had come to join friends, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher York were with their daughter Caroline and their Etonian son, and the Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor was with her elder son Ralph. Her eldest daughter Julia is among the young girls making their debut next season. I met Mr.

Edward Baldwin with his parents the Hon. Wyndham and Mrs. Baldwin. He has been largely responsible with Lord Ashley for editing *Autumn Collection*, a beautifully produced, well-edited and most amusing magazine which they published from the school on St. Andrew's Day.

LUNCHING over at the Hind's Head Hotel at Bray, where they coped most efficiently with more than 200 visitors, I saw many friends. These included Lady Pender, just back from Canada where she and Lord Pender saw their elder son the Hon. John Denison-Pender who is working in Montreal for six months. Lady Pender had her daughter the Hon. Mrs. Robin Dent with her. Upstairs Mrs. James Dance was lunching with her Etonian son. Major Dance, M.P. for the Bromsgrove division of Worcestershire, could not get away from his Parliamentary duties to join them.

At a nearby table Major the Hon. Henry Allsopp and his good-looking wife had their



two young sons Charles and John with them. The Hon. John Petre was lunching here with his parents, also Mrs. Philip Cripps and her son.

AFTER luncheon I went to watch a most interesting fencing match. This was between the School and Mr. T. E. Beddard's Scratch, which was indeed a very formidable and experienced team. They included, besides himself, C. L. de Beaumont, three times British Epée Champion and British Empire Epée Champion in 1950, J. Emrys Lloyd, seven times British Foil Champion, B. Noth, the Swiss international, A. G. Buchanan, captain of Eton fencing last season, and lastly, one of our hopes for the forthcoming Olympics, the brilliant young fighter H. W. F. Hoskyns who captained Eton in 1948-49, Oxford in 1952, and the same year was junior Foil and Epée Champion. He was open Epée Champion in 1954 and this year he was a member of the British team at the world championships in Rome.

This was rather a special occasion, as Mr. Beddard first brought down his scratch on St. Andrew's Day, 1930, so that it was the twenty-fifth anniversary of these matches which do so much to help the young fencers at Eton. Mr. Beddard was presented with a small silver salver to mark the occasion by Col. Ames. Mrs. Glen-Haig, the Ladies' Foil Champion, who came down with Mr. Beddard's Scratch, presided over the foils which the Scratch won 8-1, J. G. C. Bradford winning the only fight for the school. J. Emrys Lloyd and H. W. F. Hoskyns did not concede a fight in giving a display of first-class fencing.

FOR the Epée the school was greatly honoured by the presence of Mr. Luke Fildes, President of the Amateur Fencing Association, who presided over these fights. Once again the Scratch won 8-1, Anthony Slesinger, the captain, a very promising young fencer, winning the school's only fight, while for the Scratch Beaumont and Hoskyns remained undefeated. The Scratch won the Sabre 7-2, Slesinger and T. C. Brooke winning one fight each for the school. Beaumont and Hoskyns once again were undefeated.

After this enjoyable match the two teams and Mrs. Glen-Haig had informal fencing together during which the School team received valuable advice and criticism from their experienced opponents. Among those watching the match were Lady Reay with her son the Master of Reay, who is in his last year



THE HON. MRS. STUART CHANT, eldest daughter of Lord Sempill and heir to the barony, is granddaughter of the late Sir John Lavery, R.A. Her husband, Lt.-Col. Stuart Chant, O.B.E., M.C., The Gordon Highlanders, was until recently a member of General Gruenther's staff in Paris

at Eton, and Major Edward Ford and his wife.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY I was invited to a lecture at the College of Psychic Science, given by H.R.H. Prince Peter of Greece, who is a very keen anthropologist. He was introduced by the President of the College, Brig. R. C. Firebrace, and gave a very interesting talk on the Himalayas which he knows well. He then showed a wonderful collection of coloured slides and a coloured film of life in that part of the world. I had, alas, to leave before the end so missed the exciting scene in the film showing an oracle.

Among those listening to this extremely interesting lecture were that inveterate traveller and writer, Mr. Peter Fleming, who arrived after it had begun, Lady Troubridge, Mme. Ella Maillart, Lady fford, widow of Sir Cecil fford, and Mrs. Muriel Hankey, principal of the College.

★ ★ ★

FROM here I went on to the Hon. William and Mrs. Watson-Armstrong's charming house in Knightsbridge, where petite and vivacious Mrs. Watson-Armstrong, who looked

enchanted in black, was giving a cocktail party in honour of her stepfather and mother, M. and Mme. Paul Ruegger, who were over here on a short visit. The Hon. William Watson-Armstrong was not there to help his wife as he was in bed upstairs with jaundice which he had contracted a week before.

Many friends will remember the Rueggers when M. Ruegger was Swiss Minister here from 1944-1948, before he left to take up the very exacting and responsible job of Chairman of the International Red Cross, which for eight years meant continuous travelling to all parts of the world. Both M. Ruegger and his Italian-born wife, who besides business trips divide their time between their homes in Geneva and Florence, were looking extremely well, and among the many friends delighted to see them were the present Swiss Minister, M. Aronin Daeniker, Lord and Lady Goschen, Mr. "Ruby" Holland-Martin and his very charming and attractive fiancée, Miss Dagny Grant, and Sir Alexander Cadogan.

Also present were the Duke of Wellington, that wonderful personality Rose Marchioness of Headfort, Mrs. Pilcher, widow of Admiral Cecil Pilcher, Mr. Nicholas Throckmorton and his fiancée, Miss Anne Alston, who were married a few days later, Sir Edward and Lady Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Reresby Sitwell, the Countess of Abingdon and Mme. Ruegger's sister, Mrs. Murray Carr, who was helping to entertain the guests in this delightful little house.

★ ★ ★

I WENT down for the evening to the tenth anniversary dinner given by the Regency Society of Brighton and Hove, which was attended by about 250 member guests. This took place at the Old Ship Assembly Rooms with the Earl of Bessborough, President of the Society, presiding. The top table was decorated with fine Regency plate including two wine coolers made in 1810, impressive cups with covers in the Renaissance style, and two wine coasters with a design of vine and tendrils, all fine examples of the work of the famous silversmith Paul Storr. The Brighton Cup, which had been loaned for the occasion by the Royal Pavilion Committee, was also on display. This cup was originally presented in 1805 by the Prince of Wales to a friend to mark the success of his horse Orville winning the Brighton Stakes.

The guest of honour was the Duke of

[Continued overleaf]



The Master of Reay, son of Lord Reay and a member of Pop, escorted his sister the Hon. Elizabeth Mackay



F. G. Markham and T. P. Osborne, a member of the winning side. It was the first victory since 1949



Mrs. John Sheffield was on her way to watch the game with her Etonian son, Julian Sheffield

Desmond O'Neill

#### Collegers scored a shy to beat Oppidans in Eton's 115th Wall Game





*Mr. Richard Abel-Smith sitting out with the Hon. Caroline Dewar, daughter of Lord Forteviot*



*The Hon. Mrs. Giles Floyd, daughter of Lord Burghley, was dancing with Mr. Peregrine Bertie*



*The Earl of Brecknock was in conversation at the bar with Miss Jennifer Brocas Burrows*

## Continuing Social Journal

### A Regency dinner at Brighton

Wellington, who attended the inauguration of the Society and has since taken the keenest interest in its progress. In proposing "The Society" (which was formed to preserve the Regency buildings of Brighton, Hove and the surrounding district, and to arouse interest in the Regency Period, and which has done a great deal to further this cause in the past ten years) His Grace also mentioned the heartening fact that the Regency Festival of 1951 drew 120,000 visitors to Brighton and Hove.

The Earl of Bessborough replied and during his speech said that the Society very much hoped to purchase a Regency house in Brighton as a combined museum and headquarters, if the problem of finance could be solved.

AN interlude followed, when John Freestone sang three songs by Queen Hortense. I unfortunately had to leave to catch the last train before the final two speeches, thus missing the masterly and, as always, amusing piece of oratory by the President of the Royal Academy, Professor A. E. Richardson, which ended this enjoyable occasion.

Mrs. Richardson was present to hear her husband speak, also Sir Seymour Howard, the former Lord Mayor of London, and Lady Howard, the Mayor of Hove, the Hon. James Smith, Doreen Lady Brabourne, and Lady Birley, all three members of the Council which directed the first Regency Exhibition in 1946 organized by private enterprise. Lady Brabourne and Lady Birley also had to leave before the end to catch their train back to London.

Mr. John Christie, originator of the Glyndebourne Opera which gives so much pleasure to so many each summer at Glyndebourne, his lovely Sussex home, was at the dinner, also Sir Walter and Lady Peacock. The latter, who was in black, has recently had her book: *Prince Charles And Princess Anne* published, and was very thrilled to hear that Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother had bought a copy on her recent visit to a book exhibition.

Mr. John Denman, chairman of the Society, was there, also Mr. Anthony Dale, the honorary secretary, who has done an immense amount of work for it, and his tall, good-looking wife wearing a golden beige dress. Others present

included Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Roberts, the eminent architect Mr. Joseph Emberton with his wife and daughter, Mr. Clifford Musgrave, director of the Royal Pavilion, and Mr. D. L. Murray, author of the novel *Regency*.

★ ★ ★

LORD and Lady Colwyn recently gave a cocktail party in a private room at the House of Lords to celebrate Lord Colwyn's birthday. Also celebrating their birthday were Lady Colwyn's son Mr. Peter Cookson and her stepson Mr. Gerald Reddington, whose brothers Mr. John and Mr. Bruce Reddington were also present.

Among the many friends who came along to this celebration were the Countess of Middleton, Lord McGowan, who will soon be off to spend the winter in the sunshine of the West Indies and Bahamas, Lord and Lady Kilmarnock and Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas. Lady Illingworth was there, also Lord Faringdon, Mr. Trevor Bailey the Essex cricketer and his wife, Mr. Geoffrey Ellert, Miss Susan Coxwell-Rogers and Miss Jane Gayer and her fiancé Mr. Anthony Harrison, who had just announced their engagement.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the best dances of this autumn season was the small one which the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan gave at Claridge's to celebrate her younger daughter Mary's twenty-first birthday. Huge vases of glorious flowers decorated the reception rooms

LORD BALFOUR OF INCHRYE'S granddaughter with her parents, the Hon. Ian and Mrs. Balfour, after her christening at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The baby, born in September, was given the name Roxane



and ballroom, the lighting was cleverly softened with a pink tint in the ballroom, and the floor was never overcrowded, so that everyone who wanted to dance could really enjoy it. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan looked charming in a long dress of grey faille embroidered with steel beads and paillettes, while the heroine of the evening, Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan, was very pretty in pale blue lace.

Other members of the family I saw included were Major Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan, helping his wife to look after their guests who were mostly young friends of their daughter. Incidentally, I have seldom seen more lovely girls and young marrieds at a dance. Major and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's elder daughter Mrs. Roger Humphreys was dancing and looking most attractive in a ballet-length dress of palest shell pink satin with mother-of-pearl embroidery. Capt. John Macdonald-Buchanan and his wife Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan, the latter in a long white dress with a pink bodice, were also dancing, and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland who had their two babies up in London for a few weeks, staying with her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kidston, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Giles Floyd, and Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Dawson, who hope to move into their new home in Mulberry Walk soon.

LADY MALVINA MURRAY arrived escorted by Mr. Charles Connell and I met Miss Serena Sheffield looking very pretty in china blue with touches of white, Miss Selina Hervey-Bathurst, Miss Fiona Munro who was down from Scotland for a couple of weeks, Miss Jennifer Burrows, Miss Caroline Wilson, very pretty and wearing an original white dress with crimson velvet arranged like a short train at the back, Miss Fiona Myddelton and Miss Belinda Earl, who as always looked soignée and well groomed, wearing the lovely yellow organza dress she had for her coming-out dance last October.

The young men I saw dancing included Mr. George Earl who was partnering his cousin Miss Alison Glover, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy who greeted his hostess with his usual radiant smile, Mr. Jock Pease, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, the Earl of Brecknock, Mr. Jamie Illingworth, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Mr. Jamie Judd who spends every Saturday he has free at this time of the year hunting, and Lord Edward Fitzroy with his fiancée Miss Veronica Rutledge. There were only a few older guests at this very good dance. Among these were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke who had given a dinner party for the dance, the Hon. Mrs. Denzil Fortescue and Mrs. O. V. Watney who, like her host and hostess, takes a great interest in racing.





Miss Veronica Rutledge and her fiancé Lord Edward Fitzroy. They had announced their engagement that day



Watching the arrival of some of the other guests were Miss Fiona Myddelton and Capt. A. J. Cubitt

ONE of the most interesting and enjoyable journeys I have made was for the launching of the world's biggest oil tanker, the s.s. Spyros Niarchos, which Vickers-Armstrongs have built at Barrow-in-Furness for Mr. Stavros Niarchos. A special train had been chartered from Euston and Mr. F. C. Turrell, the very efficient station master, was there to see it off. Travelling on the train were Lady Weeks, sponsor of the Spyros Niarchos, who was to launch the ship next day, Sir Ronald Weeks, one of our most brilliant heads of industry, who retires from the chairmanship of Vickers-Armstrongs next May, Mr. Stavros Niarchos, who has the biggest independent oil tanker fleet in the world, and Mrs. Niarchos.

Also on the train were Viscount Knollys, who succeeds Sir Ronald Weeks in the chairmanship next year, with Viscountess Knollys, Maj.-Gen. C. A. L. Dunphie, the newly appointed chairman of Vickers-Armstrongs (Shipbuilders) Ltd., and Mr. R. J. E. Dodds, chairman and managing director of Niarchos (London) Ltd. Lord Hives, chairman of Rolls-Royce, and Mr. Whitney Straight, the vice-chairman elect, were travelling up for the launching with Lady Hives and Lady Daphne Straight; the latter was off to the United States the following week for five days before Christmas to see members of her family over there.

EARL AND COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP were sitting with Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks, and nearby was Mrs. Terence Maxwell, whose husband, a director of Vickers-Armstrongs, had to come up later as he had a board meeting in London. Viscount Kemsley, Sir Ronald Howe, the very live deputy commissioner of Metropolitan Police, Mr. John Phrantzes, Counsellor at the Greek Embassy, enjoyed playing bridge for most of the journey. Mr. Ian Bailey, who had only just returned from a business trip to South Africa, and Lady Hore Belisha were among those who played canasta, while Miss Sharman Douglas and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hopwood were Scrabble enthusiasts.

Mr. George Emmanuel and his lovely American-born wife had come over from Paris for the launching, as had M. and Mme. Jacques Pol Roger and Lady Katherine Giles. Guests from America on this enjoyable trip, where everyone went along the big open vestibule coaches talking to their friends, included bankers Mr. Adam J. Gowans, Mr. R. Breyfogle and Mr. L. N. Ryall with Mrs. Breyfogle and Mrs. Ryall. I also met Lady Micklem, whose late husband was chairman of Vickers, so she had attended many launchings, Sir John Lang, Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty, Maj.-Gen. Bond and Sir James and Lady Reid Young.

The whole party stayed the night at the very comfortable Old England Hotel, at Bowness-on-Windermere, and next morning motored over to Barrow-in-Furness for the launching, which took place around noon.

There was a short religious service after which Lady Weeks, an elegant figure in a blue coat and little hat to match, made a charming speech, asking for God's blessing on the Spyros Niarchos and all who sail in her. Then she broke a bottle of Pol Roger over the bows and there were tears of emotion in the eyes of many present as this giant new tanker slowly glided down the stocks into the sea, where tugs were ready to take her to her moorings. Perhaps no one was more moved by the occasion than Mr. Niarchos, who had named the tanker after his father who, alas, died last year.

SHE is a wonderful ship and I am sure every Briton like myself felt proud of what our shipbuilders had done, for the Spyros Niarchos is the largest merchant ship to be built in Britain since the war. She will be able to carry 14,000,000 imperial gallons of crude oil which, when refined, would give an eight horse-power car a trip to the sun and back—186,000,000 miles. The Spyros Niarchos will sail under the Greek flag, and carry oil from the oilfields to this country.

Sir Ronald Weeks presided at the luncheon which took place in the general offices after the launching. All those I have already mentioned were present, also Sir Frank Hopwood, chairman of Shell, and Lady Hopwood, who had flown up for the day, the Mayor and Mayoress of Barrow and personalities connected with public life in and around Barrow-in-Furness. At the end of luncheon Sir Ronald Weeks proposed the Royal Toast, then Viscount Knollys made a short speech introducing Lady Weeks, who made a very stirring speech.

She was followed by Mr. Niarchos who made an excellent speech in which he said that he had already had nine ships built for him by this firm, and they were the best in his fleet. But he said rather sadly that the length of time it takes to complete a ship in this country is much longer than in any other country where he has tankers built for him. (Incidentally, these orders and the one in construction will exceed £13,000,000 sterling!)

Major-Gen. Dunphie concluded the speeches.

★ ★ ★

THE Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth Dance is to take place at the Dorchester Hotel on December 19. This is a very enjoyable and always gay affair, held annually in aid of Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth charities. Tickets may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Sheelagh Barry, 13 Edwardes Square, W.8.



A DELIGHTFUL "AT HOME" was given by the Hon. Mrs. R. Macdonald-Buchanan at Claridge's to celebrate the coming-of-age of her daughter, Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan, who is seen above in conversation with one of her 200 guests, Mr. Jock Pease



The hostess, the Hon. Mrs. R. Macdonald-Buchanan (right), greeted Mrs. Roger Humphreys



Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Hon. Denzil Fortescue and Lord Willoughby de Broke

Van Hallan





## Roundabout

**Paul Holt**

THE Russian declaration that the Eastern half of Berlin is going to be considered in future as the capital of East Germany is going to annoy the Germans a good deal, for it is rather like making a pronouncement that Stepney is the capital of East Anglia.

Yet one good thing may come of it. If Berlin is no longer a Four Power mandate the horrors and humiliations of encirclement, such as happened during the airlift period of 1947, are no longer evident. I was there at the time.

It was cold and we were hungry. The Americans used to bring their aircraft in with all lights blazing, while the British took pride in landing with only wing-tip lights showing. I don't know which of the two teams showed the greater bravado. The crashes on the runways seemed to be about equal to me.

Berliners are cheerful, impertinent and

vulgar people, given to dissipation and backchat; but I must say they took that blow at their fortunes with surprising dignity. The one thing they could not stomach was cutting down the trees in the suburban streets to give themselves heat.

I WENT to a Christmas party, given by the British children of Berlin for young Berliners. It was all in candlelight and the British kids had themselves provided the presents for their guests. There was dancing, a big Christmas tree and lots of carol singing.

What fascinated me was that while the children were so employed—and they grew quite naturally rowdy towards the end—the mothers of the German children sat outside in an ante-room, without light or heat, whispering to each other in the gloom polite nothings while their children romped in the next room. It was their one

chance to give their children a Christmas party and they knew there wasn't room for them, too.

Mothers, I suppose, are the same the world over.

★ ★ ★

LORD DERBY, making his first presidential address to the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, deplored the poor rewards offered to owners for running their horses, and the blow to British bloodstock by the export of so many of our best sires.

Neither of these troubles can be cured, I am afraid, for they both follow the law of diminishing returns.

But he also said an interesting thing, pleading that the "character" of British racing should not be changed. Did he mean to put up a defence of the book-



## DE GUSTIBUS

*My friend the Squire, a proper man  
Who likes the proper things,  
Extols the culinary plan  
The English Christmas brings,  
And year by year, as belfries peal  
And holly decks the wall,  
He harries me from meal to meal  
With poultry that resists the steel,  
Mince-pies, plum-pudding, and a deal  
Of heady ale and all.*

*I see his kindly face aglow  
And would not tell him lies,  
But how I long to let him know  
My tastes are otherwise!  
And one fine Yule as ever is  
I'll curse and loudly call  
For such debased un-Englishness  
As "Scampi" and "Poularde de Bresse,"  
"Foie Gras," a cutlet served with cress,  
And veal in its Vienna dress,  
And many wines and all.*

—ERIC CHILMAN

maker? He is one of the last of the real phenomena of the world to survive, like the coelacanth.

Rarely on the course do I go to him, but whenever I do it is for a reason like backing the outsider in a three-horse race.

The last time I did so the bookie smiled and said: "I curtsy to you, sir."

Bookmakers curtsy; and the Tote? It can only click.

★ ★ ★

How strangely do rumours fly. For the last month I have been hearing that Sir Max Beerbohm, who lives in peace at Rapallo, has been suffering from a lack of money. Many friends have stirred to organize a refresher service for the magnificent old man.

Now I read a letter from Sir Max: "... Let me assure you that I live, now as heretofore, in very great comfort and with no anxieties, and that the winter in Rapallo is always a very mild affair."

Sir Max is telling the truth. The only thing that bothers him is the number of put-put motor cycles that go past his door, making a great noise. He is guarded by a housekeeper, who will let nobody in, and he lives a reasonable life, to his credit.

How different from another Edwardian, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who when she fell on bad times towards the end of her life behaved, said Alexander Woollcott: "Like a sinking ship firing on its rescuers."

She has been guilty of many famous remarks, but the one I like best of all, I think, was her riposte to the dinner conversation of a scientist who was describing to her the habits of the ants. This went on for some time, while he explained the proven facts that ants have a police force, a civil service and an army, all in perfect working order.

"What, no navy?" asked Mrs. Pat.

★ ★ ★

A MINOR American poet named e. e. cummings was taxed the other day with the fact that he will not use capital letters to his name, nor to his writings. Said he: "I use capitals only for emphasis, after all, that's what they were invented for, weren't they?"

They were also invented for politeness.



EMILE LITTLER is the producer of *Cinderella* at the Palace Theatre, the only pantomime in the West End this season. This energetic, mercurial man has in recent years produced a wide variety of successes including *Annie Get Your Gun*, *Song Of Norway*, *Affairs Of State* and *Book Of The Month*, also pantomimes in the West End for twelve successive years, and in the provinces. He has stage managed in America and been a manager on his own account since 1934. In his early days he did every job in a theatre except playing in the orchestra; a fact which greatly contributes to his success and popularity. He is married to Cora Goffin, the famous musical comedy star, and they live in the attractive village of Poynings in Sussex





A mixed group of lions, tigers and leopards being presented in the sensational Big Cage act at Tom Arnold's Harringay Circus



Clovis, one of the author's unique troupe of cat campanologists, who always rings for his supper

## "LIONS, TIGERS 'N EVERYTHING"

ANTONY HIPPISELEY-COXE, who writes here on training animals for the ring, is a noted authority on the circus, and author of "A Seat At The Circus" as well as many articles on this fascinating subject. He is himself a successful animal trainer with his troupe of cat campanologists, and has travelled with Bertram Mills's Circus and studied the Big Top in many European capitals



THE starry-eyed child's description of the circus, "lions, 'n tigers, 'n everything!" still holds good. And this year "everything"—even if we leave out trapezists and trick cyclists and all the human element—still includes elephants, horses, ponies, dogs, seals, chimpanzees and a leopard.

Making her first appearance in this country is Miss Tintye, presenting Knie's lions at Tom Arnold's Circus at Harringay. This Viennese girl's biography is limited to her nineteen years, but the story of the Knies goes back to 1802 when Frederick Knie, a medical student, threw away his books to follow a beautiful equestrienne along the sawdust trail. He became a rope dancer; a profession which he found most useful when his fiancée was incarcerated in a convent by an irate father. He tied his rope to the convent wall and walked off with her in his arms. Their great-great-grandson—another Freddy Knie—is riding in the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia.

There Alex Kerr, a thirty-seven year old Scot, adds tigers and a leopard to his lions in the Big Cage. His is an act described in the profession as *en pelotage*. This means that it is quiet and smooth, no whip cracks or revolver shots, snarls or roars, such as you find in an act presented *en ferocité*. Actually it is more dangerous, for the trainer—note that I say trainer, not tamer—has to work closer to his charges; there is less room for error.

AT Olympia there are also chimpanzees, which are the most fascinating animals to watch. They are the only beasts which I prefer to see dressed up. They look so very human; and they often behave remarkably like us, too. In the zoo at St. Louis, Missouri, they hold a sort of simian stock car race. At the starter's signal the chimps dash across the track, jump into their electric racing cars and hurtle off round the circuit. Cars collide, piling up in traffic jams that would make even a London policeman scratch his head, but the chimpanzee drivers put their gears in reverse, back out and dash off round the track again.

This zoo has a circus of its own, for the curators have found that such performances contribute to the well-being of the animals. Training can provide a kind of occupational therapy; which may be one of the reasons that circus animals live longer than those found in ordinary zoos. It certainly gives the lie to those who say that no animal can ever be trained without cruelty.

Some years ago I set out to see for myself

how much truth there was in this statement. I decided to train a troupe of cats. I chose cats because, while they were easier to keep in a small house in Chelsea than lions and tigers, they still retained their independence and many of the feline attributes of their wild cousins.

FIRST I watched them at play and devised tricks based on their natural movements. Aubrey, who jumped from bough to bough of a fig tree in the garden, was destined to jump through hoops. Clovis, his brother, who walked most delicately along the flimsiest branches, was persuaded to become a wire-walker. These were natural movements and most people who saw them could understand that, given a lot of patience and sufficient meat, anyone could achieve the same results. But my cats were also campanologists. They stood on their hind legs and pulled the bell ropes. "How can you say that it's natural for cats to ring bells?" friends would ask. And I'd have to explain that I did not get this idea from the nursery rhyme, but from watching the cats tugging at a table cloth to get at some fish.

Substitute a rope for the cloth; tuck a piece of meat between the strands, just out of reach; show the cat that he could claw the rope down so that this reward came level with his mouth; and the first lesson was over. When he understood perfectly that he could get meat by pulling at the rope, I had to disassociate the idea of meat from the rope itself. So the reward tucked in between the strands got less and less, but more and more was given from my hand. Soon he was looking at me for the reward as he pulled the rope. He could not have cared less about the bell on top.

SUCH is the basis of all good training. But I think that the best animal acts show the performers off to advantage. We should be made conscious of some animal characteristic. A tiger's leap displays its svelte and slinky grace. An act which shows a "ponderous pachyderm," as the press boys love to call it, stepping over a prostrate girl, reminds us of the incredible delicacy hidden within such an elephantine mass.

Of course the more one knows about animals the better one can appreciate a really first-class performance. Dr. Hediger, director of the Zürich zoo, probably knows as much about animals as anyone in the world. He describes Trubka's act with tigers as "sublime." To him it is "an art in the true sense of the word, but its elements are not colour or shapes or sounds, but the movements and emotions of





VAN AMBURGH, the BRUTE TAMER of POMPEII!

The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
DECEMBER  
14, 1955  
713



MONSI MARTIN ENCOUNTERING THE LION.

animals." But then he *knows*. As a scientist he fully appreciates the importance of such things as "flight distance," "behaviour pattern," "reaction to territory" as well as the importance of individual characteristics. Anyone genuinely interested in animals cannot afford to miss his book *The Psychology of Animals in Zoos and Circuses*.

To the trainer the idiosyncrasies of individual animals are often more important than that which is common to a species. It was, for instance, more useful for the trainer to know that a certain lion hated anything held in the left hand—even a straw—than it was for him to realize that, generally speaking, lions gang up to attack but tigers do not.

**Y**ET trainers are the first to realize that they have a lot to learn. Much remains inexplicable. Take the case of Mme. Pianka and her lions. One day when the circus pulled on to a new ground the lions became restless and ill at ease. In the cage they started digging holes, an unheard of thing for lions to do. Disinfectant, a re-dug ring and fresh sawdust made no difference. Only after moving the arena to another site did the lions quieten down. And then Mme. Pianka found that the show had originally been built up on a disused graveyard. But although all the bodies were supposed to have been removed, something remained of which only the lions were conscious.

**M**OST animal men will tell you that bears—particularly polar bears—are the most dangerous animals, because you never know what they are thinking. But perhaps the most surprising bear story is one which shows something far removed from hatred.

A European brown bear was one of a group which contained a black Himalayan bear, who suddenly took it into his head to try and climb over the top of the cage. Neither the trainer nor his assistants could coax him down. Then the brown bear, who was a particular friend of the trainer, did something which the trainer himself would not have thought of doing. He climbed the bars, bit the black bear in the leg, dragged him down into the ring and chastised him soundly.

"Lions, 'n tigers, 'n 'everything!" they are back with us once again; at Olympia, where Bertram Mills's Circus has become a national institution; and at Harringay, where this year Tom Arnold has added Buffalo Bill, cowboys and Indians to the traditional circus fare. Go to either—or, better still, go to both.

Two famous animal trainers were (left) Isaac Van Amburgh, an American who was the first person to put his head in a lion's mouth. Above: Henri Martin, first of the great lion tamers. He was born at Marseilles in 1793



Capt. Edward Gray, known throughout the American Wild West show world and on the Continent as Buffalo Bill II, stars at Harringay this year



## TWO IRISH MEETS

TWO well-known packs of hounds in the South of Ireland. Right: The West Waterford Hunt meet at Clashmore; Mrs. T. D. Morgan, acting joint-Master and huntsman, moves off with hounds. Below: The Scarteen (Black and Tans) at Limerick Junction. Mr. P. P. Hogan, the trainer, with the Master and huntsman Mr. T. F. Ryan



Ambrose O'Mullane

## At the Races

### EQUINE WICKEDNESS

As so many horse riders know, there are some animals which are homicidal maniacs and should, like their human opposite numbers, be put down in the cause of the public weal, since they were only born into the world in the interest of the medical profession. Here is a personal experience of an animal, whose acquaintance I enjoyed, and who was, shall we say, "somewhat difficult." To get on him it was necessary to put a rug over his head so as completely to obscure his vision; then for somebody, with the necessary courage, to hold up one foreleg, while you approached noiselessly and got your foot in the stirrup, bringing the opposite iron over and grasping it firmly to give you something in the way of a "sea anchor" again what was to come.

THEN, with the near rein drawn tight, you mounted and yelled to your accomplices to let go. After two or three springbok bounds, all was more or less serene, and you could do anything you liked with him. He could jump like a buck, and had a mouth as soft as your best beloved's hand. In all other ways he was a fiend from 'The Pit.

This is not a fancy picture to amuse the children, but just raw fact. He hailed from Australia, and his friends said that he was not really a buck jumper, but just what they called a "reefer." I knew this must be true, because he did not know how to buck backwards.

That manoeuvre is the hallmark of the real outlaw; but he was quite unpleasant and extremely

vulgar, and not at all the kind upon which you would recommend a nervous rider to go out and take the air and exercise.

Someone has been talking to me about the real-life characters in Kipling's works, and has reminded me that "Strickland Sahib" was by no means the only one. This is very stale news to a lot of people about that super policeman; his real name, as has been mentioned, was Warburton and his long suit was disguise. He also knew all the dialects of the frontier tribes, and he was never caught out as were some other people.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL was also a specialist in disguise, and I expect that a number of people remember being taken in by a Khitmutghar, who purposely spilt some soup over somebody. B.P., of course, was a wonderful actor. As to Warburton, I cannot remember how he came to be connected with a vigorous young woman, whom we used to call "Rani" Warburton. She was a pure Afghan; a very good tennis player and rode extremely well.

A story went round that when she was hacking out to a meet of the Lahore hounds, I don't remember where, one of the wicked men tried to molest her. She was quite equal to the

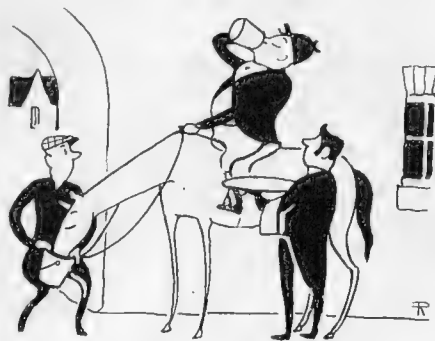
occasion and nearly cut his head off with the thong of her whip, and I expect that he was very sorry that he had tried it on.

The "Drums of the 'Fore and Aft'" was also, unfortunately, a story based upon fact; but Kipling never saw it, because he never went over the frontier. It was not a singular case and unhappily I saw another instance of it. They did not run away, but they just failed to go on, and panicked. I recall a drunken Thomas Atkins, after all the shooting was over, coming across the front of the regiment with which I happened to be living, and saying: "Watch me bombard 'em!" There was nothing to bombard!

"MRS. HAWKS-BEE" was also real, and I knew her personally. Her real name was Hawkins, she was very charming without being beautiful; a heart of gold with attraction enough to entice a bird off a tree. The Babu in *Kim* must have been one of a very plentiful species, because there were so many of them in Government offices who were doing secret service work. The jeweller on the Simla Mall was also Secret Service, and was a German Jew, whose name I forget, but it certainly was not "Jacobs."

"Soldiers Three" he picked up in Mian Mir, where they swarmed, and Mulvaney must have had many duplicates. The Martini, of which Ortheris was so fond, was a good rifle, but she kicked like a mule and after only twenty rounds you had a very sore shoulder. However, she did her job pretty well up to nearly a thousand yards, but I think her best range was about eight hundred. The troops of those days considered her a real crack.

I UNDERSTAND that Our Babu has safely arrived in America, where he will go straight to the stud, and he ought to do very well. Just before he left he was immortalized on canvas by the best animal painter of the day, Mrs. Horace Colmore, and so, although he is lost to sight he will be to memory dear.





Lady Ashton, the hostess, greeting Mrs. Bland and Mr. Roland Bland

Mrs. Coles, Capt. G. E. Coles, Hon. Sec., North Cotswold, and Lord Ashton



Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham in conversation with Earl Bathurst

Capt. C. Radclyffe, of the Bicester and Warden Hill, with Mrs. J. Harvey



Mr. Donald Whitaker, Mrs. Whitaker, Mr. Duncan Mackinnon and Mrs. Mackinnon, a joint-Master of the Heythrop



Another couple on the dance floor were Miss Carolyne Vachell and Mr. Ronald Cunningham-Jardine, who rides to hounds with the Dumfries

## HEYTHROP'S "MIDNIGHT MEET"

IT was approaching midnight when members of the Heythrop Hunt gathered for their annual ballroom "meet" at beautiful Broadwell Hill, Moreton-in-Marsh, home of Lord and Lady Ashton of Hyde. Dancing was in the ballroom of the house, with a buffet supper in a marquee



Van Hallan

Mrs. John Hawkesworth and Mr. Raymond Tibbitt had also come along to support this very well-organised ball



Priscilla in Paris

## WINTER GLOW FROM MEXICO

**J**OSTLING crowds, mud, drizzling dampness, just enough fog to make absent-minded pedestrians take an intelligent interest in the traffic lights and oblige jay walkers to give up trusting to luck. It would have been difficult to find a better day. Not, of course, for an amorous stroll in the early dusk, but quite perfect for the opening show of Mme. Andrée Bizet's paintings at Lucy Krohg's gallery. Mucky-grey outside, cosy-gay warmth within, such an agreeable contrast!

From her long stay in Mexico last year Mme. Bizet has brought back some extraordinarily vivid impressions of the luminosity and riotous colours of that romantic but somewhat frightening country. His Excellency M. Jaime Torres Bodet, Ambassador of Mexico, who was present, looked positively homesick and one felt like suggesting a camp bed.

**W**ITH Mme. Gabrielle Ristori, who is singing at the Opéra-Comique, I found a snug stance in an angle of the gallery between a "Market scene at the Valle de Bravo" and another at Toluca. After discussing the cost of living in general and that of fresh fruit in particular (especially in Paris), we fell silent and feasted our eyes on the luscious glories of the Mexican fruit stalls and basked luxuriously in the ardent sunshine that radiated from Andrée Bizet's garden at Oaxaca.

At the small but fashionable Lucy Krohg gallery it is easy to see the notabilities who are present, without consulting the self-conscious signatures in the visitors' book or running around oneself. It was a fur coat afternoon, mink and astrakhan predominating, though Mme. René Clair, who came with her famous husband, wore sealskin, and Mme. Guy Mazeline, who is one of the loveliest blondes in Paris, was in raccoon. M. and Mme. Jean Barreyre, M. and Mme. Henri Marsac, M. Jean Fayard, the publisher, the comtesse Hallez and Mme. Fréjaville, amongst many others, were congratulating Mme. Bizet, and there was also our dear Jean-Gabriel Domergue, who so rarely comes to Paris nowadays and who, with his sculptress wife, Odette, prefers to live during most of the year at their very beautiful home above Cannes.

**I**T is difficult not to be a little melancholy in Paris just now. We are too near to things. The egotistical mismanagement of this beautiful country is getting us down. The evening papers that reach us, still damp from the presses, seem to contain far more real and threatening news than when they arrive through the post next morning. At breakfast-time we can hope—and not always with misplaced optimism—that "the worst" has been contradicted during the night session!



### THE DEBUTANTES OF TOMORROW—

**M**ME. PAUL VERLET conducts a French lesson (above) at her finishing school in Paris—once the home of an old French family—with Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Miss Simone Lightman and Miss Penelope Cohen.

*Miss Belinda Loyd, Miss Susan Kenning and Miss Caroline Lockhart at Mme. Verlet's*

*Miss Patricia Korholz was preparing to go out for a formal occasion*



*Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, who is another of the students at Mme. Verlet's school*

*Miss Patricia Korholz, Miss Simone Lightman and Miss Belinda Salmon have a cooking lesson*

A. V. Swaabe





Not that this note of melancholy is apparent to our visitors. Business may not be quite up to mark, but we boast of: *Pleasure As Usual*. "Catherinettes" have had their full measure this week. Those who have reached the ripe age of twenty-five have celebrated their new status as "old maids" with all the proper fun and festivities that good little working girls deserve. Notabilities of *la haute couture* supplied the champagne and delivered the usual blah-blah-blah over the air: all one-happy-family, from the youngest apprentice to the head *vendeuse* and star mannequin.

LEADING lights of the stage and screen went to the parties and entertained them. The most popular was Georges Guétary, whom London remembers for his great success in *Bless the Bride* a few years ago. He went to their annual ball that is held at the Salle Cadet, he danced with them and sang for them.

Towards dawn he managed to get away, minus his tie and all his coat buttons but, apparently, with a whole skin, since he was able to appear next evening in the musical comedy *La Route Fleurie*, in which he has been playing for the last three years and that reaches its thousandth performance in a few days.

A VEXED question is being discussed quite heatedly by theatregoers just now: do Paris theatres start too late at their present hour of 9 p.m.? Given that nine o'clock usually means ten minutes past, that the intervals are rarely shorter than a quarter of an hour, often somewhat longer, it means that the last curtain falls about midnight. Spectators who live far from the theatre district or in the suburbs and are obliged to rely on public conveyances naturally have a Cinderella complex. They do not scatter their shoes behind them in their hurry, but they have been known to leave umbrellas in the cloakroom (where their parking is obligatory if they are wet) when an attendant is over slow in delivering the goods.

Nevertheless, when the London hour of 7.30 is suggested, a wail goes up: "What about dinner?" for it is not by Parisians that the night-clubs are filled. Most people think that eight o'clock would suit everyone and we like to imagine that this, perhaps, might be easier to arrange than the new constitutional laws that are so urgently needed in this fair land . . . but, of course, we are not sure!

## Les deux du mal

● "The human race suffers from two great evils: Tradition and Progress."—Paul Valéry.



## —AT THEIR FINISHING SCHOOLS

AT the Comtesse de la Calle's finishing school are (seated) Miss Wendy Raphael, Miss Philippa Pryor and Miss Julia Hilton-Green. Standing: Miss Belinda Pascoe, Miss Ghillian Field and Miss Helen Sanders

Lady Mary Maitland and Miss Angela Hope on the main staircase

Miss Deirdre Senior, Miss Wendy Raphael are here seen hard at work



A. V. Swaabe

Miss Cherrie Bullin and the Hon. Susan Wood were having a fencing lesson from Maître Jeanty



Illustrations by

Emmwood

**ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER** than words when Bud Walters (Bernard Braden) vents his anger on the television set, much to the consternation of his wife Alice (Barbara Kelly), his mother-in-law (Aletha Orr) and his father-in-law (Nicholas Joy), who await the continuance of the anniversary celebrations



At the Theatre

Anthony Cookman

## A VERY DOMESTIC COMEDY

**T**HE risk in bringing *Anniversary Waltz* from Broadway to the Lyric, in Shaftesbury Avenue, is much what it would be in transferring *Sailor Beware!* from London to New York. Both farces are built round the mother-in-law. She is surely a universal figure of fun; but for all that, many of the jokes about her which explain themselves instantly on one side of the Atlantic will demand from audiences on the other that extra moment's reflection which makes all the difference between easy and uneasy laughter.

The presenters of the American piece have lightened their risk by putting most of the jokes in the hands of Mr. Bernard Braden and his wife, Miss Barbara Kelly, who have made such a success with the B.B.C. It is a pity that they were unable to lighten it still further by giving these popular principals better support.

**M**R. BRADEN is displayed as a middle-aged husband and parent who, after fifteen years of marriage, is still romantically in love with his wife. He is always looking for excuses to take her away for yet another honeymoon. She is serenely sympathetic, but has so often to remember her family responsibilities that she has almost forgotten how to be romantic. And when Mr. Braden's "in-laws" or his children do something to upset his own idea of himself as an ardent young lover, he gives way to a bad habit. He bellows with rage, and he kicks things.

There is quite a good comedic idea in the conflict between a romantic idealist and a family which has the unintentional effect of reducing him, in this way and that, to the dull status of a middle-aged husband and parent. But the authors (Messrs. Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, who wrote *My Sister Eileen*) prefer to treat the idea

farcically. The husband is incensed because his terribly hearty "in-laws" seize his wedding anniversary party as a pretext for making him the present of a television-set. He happens to have a hatred of television, which to American audiences must seem less peculiar than it seems to us, and it is partly annoyance at the affront to his known prejudices and partly drink which cause him to blurt out the truth that his wife and he, fifteen years ago, enjoyed a year of pre-marital relations.

This revelation sends his mother-in-law into an ecstasy of shocked indignation, which seems to us more peculiar than perhaps it seems to American audiences; and the husband, angry because the revelation has also hurt his wife's feelings, takes a running kick at the television-set. The machine explodes with a most gratifying bang.

This is one of the play's really good moments. There is another to come, and we are not so sure that it is so good. It comes about because the authors have backed up the mother-in-law joke with the joke of the precocious child. Brother and sister are products of an American "progressive" school. She, at the age of thirteen, is deeply versed in the Kinsey report, and he, a year older, gets "high" on anniversary champagne.

The awful little girl has taken in the revelation of her parents' pre-marital relations and has no difficulty apparently in getting a contract to discuss the matter from a child's point of view on a television "real life" series.

**A**GAIN the incensed paterfamilias puts his boot through the television-set. Again the machine goes off with a bang, but the bang is somehow not quite so gratifying as it was before, though, Heaven knows, we ought to find the second kick more sympathetic than the first. But in drama the law of diminishing returns works inexorably, and this play offers no exception to it.

Still, much of the first-night audience was pleased all the time and some of it much of the time. I found most of my fun watching Mr. Braden work himself up to a good bellow and then letting it go; and in Miss Kelly's tactful performance of the wife who half-wished that women could be as romantic as men.



**PARTYGOER** Janice Revere (Kay Callard) finds, to her considerable surprise, inspiration in the marital happiness of her host and hostess






Paul Tanqueray

## A BRILLIANT ORNAMENT OF THE LIGHTER STAGE

**M**OYRA FRASER, enchanting actress of a hundred airs and graces, and changes of mood and personality, will head the cast with Max Adrian in Laurier Lister's new intimate revue, *Fresh Airs*, which will be a successor to the enormously successful *Airs on a Shoe String*. Miss Fraser, whose variety of talents includes that of being a former Sadler's Wells ballerina, danced leading rôles in the ballet and in musical productions for eight years. She was born in Sydney, Australia, and is married to Mr. Roger Lubbock, chairman of Putnams the publishers



## At the Pictures

DAISY GIVES  
AN ANSWER


"FUN AT ST. FANNY'S" is a roaring farce about a boys' school which has retained one of the boys, Cardew Robinson, till the age of twenty-five in order to keep the school endowed with his money. Above: Fred Emney as Dr. Septimus Jankers, the headmaster, who is up to the eyes in racing debts

EVER since I learned, via one of Mr. Walt Disney's documentaries, that alligators eat their own young, I have found it hard to think kindly of them. Though the beast who has the title role in *An Alligator Named Daisy* wears a pink bow and a girlish grin and is reputed to be affectionate, she conspicuously lacks charm and I wouldn't trust her as far as I could throw her.

If this giddy little comedy had to have some central oddity about which to revolve, I think I would have preferred a Turtle named Teresa or even an Octopus named Olive—but, like the script-writer, Mr. Jack Davies, the director, Mr. J. Lee-Thompson, and the leading man, Mr. Donald Sinden, one is stuck with an alligator and must make the best of it.


DAISY is wished upon Mr. Sinden, a songwriter, by a drunken Irishman aboard ship and he is prevented from dropping her discreetly over the side by Miss Jean Carson, a beguiling young person who manages to persuade him that the scaly little horror is something to love and to cherish. From then on, everywhere that Mr. Sinden goes, Daisy's sure to go. You can trust Daisy and Mr. Davies to leave no bathroom unexplored, no ballroom uninvaded.

None of the situations devised is really unexpected—except a joyous sally into Tin Pan Alley, where Mr. Harry Green hilariously officiates at the birth of a new "pop" song—and most of the characters are straight from stock. There are the amiably dotty pet-shop proprietor (Miss Margaret Rutherford), the bellowing multi-millionaire (Mr. James Robertson Justice), his dazzling daughter (dear Miss Diana Dors), the Poona general (Mr. Stanley Holloway) who abominates muggers, the imperturbable valet (Mr. Henry Kendall), and so on. Mr. Lee-Thompson has made them all as funny as they ever could be and has brought out the star-shine in Miss Carson—who sings and dances with pleasing abandon and in repose is most interestingly self-possessed.


M. HENRI-GEORGES CLOUZOT's latest film, *Les Diaboliques*, has an X Certificate and all the winsomeness of a horror comic. It is a prolonged piece of Grand Guignol, designed solely and basely to scare the living daylight out of you, and coming from the director who so legitimately enthralled and terrified us with *Wages of Fear*, it is a colossal let-down.

The story is impudently preposterous and full of holes through which you could drive a pantechnicon: the *dénouement*, which I am pledged and happy not to reveal, is merely outrageous.

M. Michel Delasalle is the horrid head-



Winkle (Claude Hulbert) finds his class impossible to discipline when it consists of such trouble-makers as Fatty Gilbert (Gerald Campion) and Fanshaw (Johnny Brandon), experts in the gentle art of insubordination



Cardew (the Cad) Robinson, that elderly scholar who is kept at school under false pretences, and Fatty Gilbert (Gerald Campion) show their disapproval of Matron (Gabrielle Brune) during trouble over a food hamper





Vera Clouzot, the wife, and Simone Signoret, the mistress, prepare with venomous gusto to poison the hated man who so darkens their lives

master of a French Dotheboys Hall. He has a wife (Mme. Vera Clouzot) with a weak heart, and a mistress (Mlle. Simone Signoret) with a strong jaw—and he caresses and beats up the pair of them until they decide he'll have to go. His elimination is a joint operation: the wife puts him out for the count with drugged whisky, the mistress drowns him in the bathtub and between them they dump the body in the school swimming pool. A few days later the pool is emptied—and there's no body there.

The suit M. Delasalle was wearing is mysteriously delivered to his wife by the dry cleaners and a small boy vows that the headmaster is still around the school. This throws the two murderesses into a fine flap. Mlle. Signoret lights out for the provinces, leaving Mme. Clouzot to cope with her cardiac trouble, an importunate detective (M. Charles Vanel) and something very nasty in the West Wing.

Horror piled on horror topples into the comical: by laying it on altogether too thick M. Clouzot has defeated his own ends. The only thing about the film that shocked me was the fact that someone so brilliantly intelligent had descended to making it.

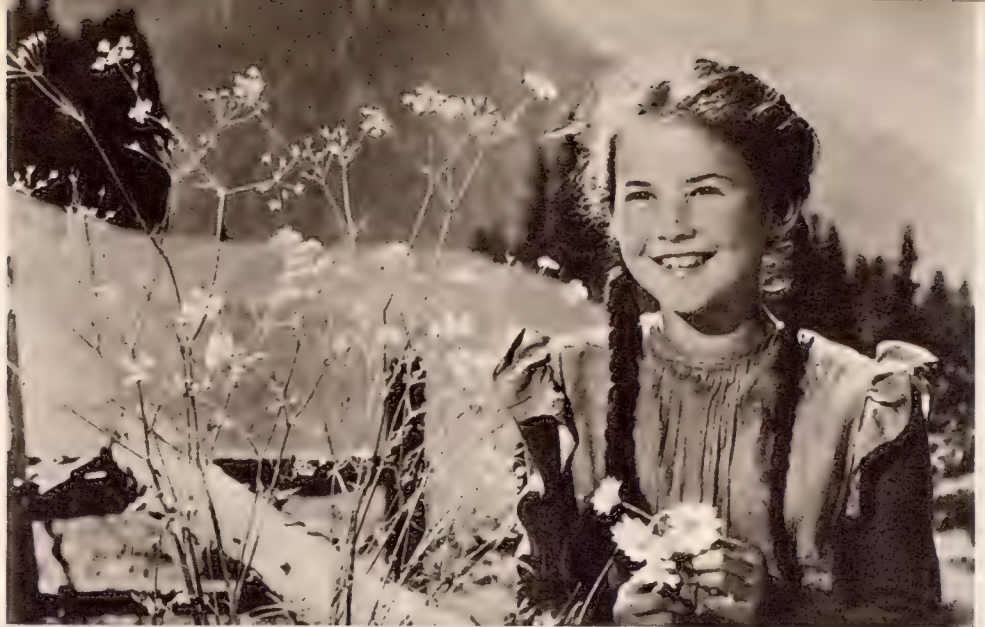
"I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES" is a fairly nauseating Hollywood job. Mr. Jack Palance plays a gangster who looks like a vision of evil but has, I rather gather we are to assume, a heart of gold. What if he does commit armed robbery and murder? On the proceeds he'll do as many good deeds as a Boy Scout.

He gives a mongrel dog a happy home and a ten-cents-a-dance girl (Miss Shelley Winters) a diamond ring, and he pays for the operation that cures a pretty girl (Miss Lori Nelson) of a club foot. Before he can get around to further philanthropy some low-down no-good, who's been gypped of his share in a hotel-robbery haul, blows the gaff on Mr. Palance—and the heartless police come after him and chase him clear to the top of Mount Whitney, where they shoot him dead. "He's free—he's free!" cries Miss Winters, smiling bravely through her tears.

I've always regarded the legend of the gentle gunman as pernicious—and still do. This version of it is very poor stuff into the bargain.

*The Bespoke Overcoat*, based by Mr. Wolf Mankowitz on Gogol's story of a poor, frail old clerk and the kindly tailor who made him a coat, is a darling little film, beautifully played by Messrs. Alfie Bass and David Kossoff and lovingly directed by Mr. Jack Clayton. It is touching and tenderly humorous—and you'd have to be hard of heart (which, of course, I am not) to find it just a mite over-sentimental.

—Elspeth Grant



"HEIDI AND PETER" is a sequel to the charming Swiss film *Heidi*. Elsbeth Sigmund, who played the title-role in the first, again plays Heidi in this story of life in a Swiss mountain village. The film is in Eastman Color and will be seen here in the near future

## Television

### THE LAST FLING?

**Freda Bruce Lockhart**



## The Gramophone

### FOR UNDER-EIGHTS

**Robert Tredinnick**

IN the week before Christmas, programme planners, weighing up their secret scales of popularity, proffer some strange assortments. It may be coincidence that brings us the three distinguished programmes which I.T.A. lately declared unpopular. To-night the admirable "Foreign Press Club" is reduced to a quarter of an hour, not time enough for four people to say anything intelligent on a matter of moment. To-morrow "The Scientist Replies," most authoritative of TV efforts to make science intelligible, still hangs on to a late evening spot. On Monday Sir John Barbirolli is relegated to the end of the evening and reduced to three-quarters of an hour. Connoisseurs are advised to catch these three programmes while they are still with us.

Burdened by the dark secrets of Audience Research, the B.B.C. this week-end risks two dramas worth seeing, but hardly destined to attract mass popularity, and an opera. To-morrow's *Othello* is the Negro actor, Gordon Heath, who has already scored TV triumphs as the Emperor Jones and in *The Concert*, where he was more heard than seen. A curious feature of the production is that the Venetian scenes have been telerecorded while the rest will be "live."

SUNDAY'S play is *The Devil's General*, with Marius Goring, fresh from commercial success, as the Scarlet Pimpernel, in the Trevor Howard part, and Helena Hughes, one of TV's most lifelike pretty ingénues. George Foa's Monday opera is *The Bartered Bride*.

Slightly more frivolous fare is offered by A-R to-night in *A Fighting Chance*, with that stalwart comedienne Eleanor Summerfield. But Monday's "International Theatre" becomes "International Screen" to show De Sica's *Miracle in Milan*, which might loosely be called Christmassy on a high level. On the same high level, may I remind anybody who has not previously seen *Amahl and the Night Visitors* not to miss it on Tuesday.

CHILDREN, especially small children, are not well catered for by the gramophone recording companies as a whole, but there are a few records which will have a distinct appeal to the child who is still not yet eight years of age.

One of the best of these has been made by Elton Hayes, who, accompanying himself on the guitar, sings such charming songs as "The Owl and The Pussycat," "Table and the Chair," "The Jumbles," all of which are from "Nonsense Songs." This, I must point out, is an Extended Play record. (Parlophone GEP 8551.)

"Tom Tit Tot" is the title of a story based on the famous "Rumpelstiltskin," and it is told by that versatile actor Bernard Miles. This record is something children will thoroughly enjoy hearing over and over again. (Decca F. 10650.)

PERHAPS the most successful of all the many puppets the B.B.C. Television Service has introduced is "Muffin the Mule," and this character must always be remembered with a very special affection. There are three records about "Muffin" which are very well worth noting. (Oriole KD 1, 2 and 3.)

Then there is also a delightful "Happy Birthday Series" designed for children whose ages range from two to eight. On each recording there is a specially appropriate birthday message, coupled with a suitable song on the back. Either as a birthday present or as something for Christmas, these records fill the bill most admirably. (Oriole HB 2-8.)

It isn't everyone who is capable of maintaining a level of simplicity that is in no way embarrassing when setting out to entertain small children, and it is to the credit of Marie Benson that she has done such a good job. With Harry Corbett and "Sooty" she presents a song about this famous TV character, and she contributes additional pleasure with "Mr. Dump-ling." This is a record that deserves to be very popular. Miss Benson will earn the gratitude not only of countless small children, but of their often harassed parents. (Philips PB 528.)



Miss Clare Keegan and Mr. Quentin Macleod standing by a fireplace



Miss Jane Bittleston dancing with Mr. John Hall, of Corpus

Mr. Edwin Mullins, Miss E. and Miss Marjorie Horley were



Mr. Michael Jenkins, Miss Jaqueline Jones, Mr. E. Ions (J.C.R. President), Miss Marion Wake, Mr. G. Tusa, and Miss Jill Savage

## MERTON'S BALL HERALDED XMAS

ON the eve of their departure on vacation, member of Oxford's oldest College, Merton, which was festively decorated, held their Christmas Ball. Nearly 300 undergraduates and their friends danced in the oak-panelled hall with its fine stained-glass windows, while supper was served in the Junior Common Room and the historic Queen's Room, farewells being taken at 3 a.m.

Miss Scarvia Anderson and Dr. J. M. Roberts chatting with Mrs. Mure and Mr. G. R. G. Mure, Warden of Merton





Mr. Keith Bowker with Miss Sally Young, a student at St. Hilda's



Mr. Gerald Clayton and Miss Audrey Ash were two more of the company

Mr. Dick Lloyd and Miss Greta Kenett were two of those enjoying this gay event



Miss Jill Savage, with Mr. G. Tusa and Mr. Tony Verdin, both of Merton, and Miss Greta Kenett. The massive wooden door at the entrance is thirteenth century

Miss Mary French (St. Hugh's) and Mr. John Paine (Merton) were sitting out in the Queen's room after supper



Mr. Roderick Reynolds, Miss Pamela Atkinson, Mr. Rex Jamison and Miss Carol Reynolds (St. Anne's)







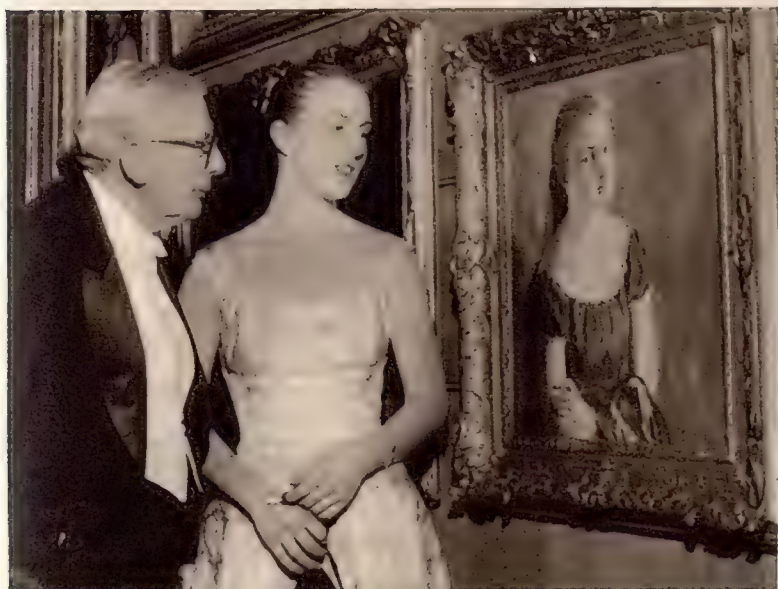




*Mr. Pietro Annigoni, the famous Italian artist, with Mr. and Mrs. John Merton*



*Lady George Scott (Molly Bishop) and Mr. Huseph Riddle both exhibited*



*Mr. Alfred Hayward, R.P., discussing a portrait which he had on exhibition with its subject, Miss Lalage Arnold*



*Mr. James Proudfoot, R.P., with Miss Avis Scott, standing by the portrait which he had painted of her*

## PORTRAIT PAINTERS ENTERTAIN

THE PRESIDENT and members of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters gave a successful evening party at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly, where the Society's 62nd annual exhibition is on view. Over 1000 guests were showing a lively interest in the exhibition, while there was a buffet and dancing in the South and West Galleries



*Gabor Denes*

*Mr. Humphrey Brooke (Secretary of the Royal Academy), Mrs. F. Saville, Major and Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd George, and Mr. Maurice Codner, R.P., talking together*





RICHARD BUCKLE, organiser of the immensely successful Diaghilev Exhibition in Edinburgh and London last year, tells its story in *In Search of Diaghilev* (Sidgwick and Jackson; 30s.), a work to be coveted, from which is reproduced (left) Braque's project for a drop curtain for "Les Fâcheux," and (above) Bakst's design for the old Marquis Luca in "Les Femmes de Bonne Humeur"

## Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

### THE DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN

MARY CLIVE'S CHRISTMAS WITH THE SAVAGES (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.) is truly seasonable: here are the Olden Times. *Not*, however, those dear to the Christmas annual—gabled inn, snowy landscape, rubicund coaching party, blowing horns, and so on. The Yule Log also is missing. With the boar's head, our heroine has but a fleeting encounter. Nor, on the other hand, are we spending Christmas among the aborigines of some sunny clime. The scene is England, the time Edwardian; the Savages are a family of children.

An Edwardian Christmas house-party, in full swing, seen from the nursery angle, is Lady Mary Clive's subject. The festive season, once again, occasions the gathering of Lady Tamerlane's sons and daughters-in-law, daughters and sons-in-law, and, above all, grandchildren.

TAMERLANE HALL, a Palladian mansion, crowns a ridge in its spacious park.

Upstairs, the nursery quarters are overflowing with the aforesaid Savages, the Glens, two blameless infants known as the Howliboos, the respective Nanas of all three tribes, and a team of nursemaids. Last but not least, our heroine Evelyn is an uneasy cuckoo in this fierce nest.

Somewhere in the Psalms there occurs a wish to be delivered from strange children. Well might this have been Evelyn's prayer! What children do to each other is no one's business, and was still less so in those civilised days when the young were kept bottled up in sound-proof containers: schoolroom wings, nursery floors. Nowadays, children take it

out on grown-ups; of yore they took it out on each other. Glossily brushed, washed, sashed, they descended to drawing-rooms at six o'clock, to be removed promptly at seven. At all other hours, passions raged unchecked.

EVELYN (teller of her own story) proves to be in her own way as tough as any. Never since Alice hit Wonderland has one met this small girl's rival for smugness—plus, one is bound to say, sang-froid. Our Evelyn is eight, and an only child. Her parents, detained in Scotland, have sent their ewe lamb to join Lady Tamerlane's Christmas flock. Accompanied by a meek French maid (who *can* understand English if one bawls at her) Evelyn sets off from Paddington. On the journey, she has a foretaste of the Savages—two of whom are at large in the

train corridor. Worse, far worse, is to come.

Nursery politics (struggle for power between the Nanas) are to the fore from the evening of the arrival. Reconnaissance, in a series of sallies downstairs, gives Evelyn some picture of what goes on below. The child, among other things, is a tearing show-off; but chances of making her mark seem few. She observes that the gentlemen, one by one, tend to barricade themselves into the smoking-room as the children's hour approaches. Uncle Algy may with impunity be swatted on the head, but not so Aunt Muriel's Husband.

"Who is Aunt Muriel's Husband?" I asked in a whisper.

"Oh, he's awful," said both girls. "Aunt Muriel married him, and then she died, and now he can't be got rid of."

"She left him behind with us like a fox leaves its scent," said Peggy to make it clearer.

"I'll tell you something," said Rosamund. "Even grandmama abhors him."



WHEREVER FISH LEAP and lines hiss in Britain, the name of Bernard Venables is known. His latest book, *The Gentle Art of Angling* (Max Reinhardt; 15s.), from which the above chapter heading is taken, is a delightful introduction to fishing for the benefit of the novices who nowadays abound

AUNT MURIEL'S HUSBAND and the boomerang provide one high-point incident of this heavenly book. We have samples of the heckling to which grown-ups (though then more sheltered) could be subjected. "If a dinosaur fought a pterodactyl, who would win?"—"Which would win if a Gurkha and a Zouave fought two Zulus?" etc. We live through (and, I may say, barely survive) Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, Boxing Day and a Wet Day—all at the Savage tempo. And then, of course, there's Lionel's Play; in which Evelyn, starring as Berengaria, bent on fascinating the audience, fails to give Lionel satisfaction. "Smiling when you're being burnt at the stake!" he said, kicking a gilt chair. "Smiling!"



*Christmas Among the Savages* is a winner. The Savages, Evelyn and all their company, ring truer than children in anything I have read for years. There's a fashion, of course, these days, for period pieces; yet Miss Clive, briskly, fiendishly funny, has given us something wholly out-of-the-way. . . . I can't help wondering whether Edwardian realism, as to insulation of children, mayn't have something in it? And also, whether that jungle world of the far-off nursery was not character-forming?

★ ★ ★

**A**SPECTS OF LOVE (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.) is David Garnett's first novel since 1935. A generation has been born and grown-up since this author first broke upon the world with his *Lady Into Fox*—now an English classic. Here, it was recognised, was genius, and in apparently artless guise. For, startling as was the fox-lady story itself, the actual triumph was in the telling, persuasive by force of its sheer simplicity. And then, in the same vein, came *A Man in the Zoo*.

Probability, in the humdrum sense, has never bound Mr. Garnett closely. True, after his earliest books out-and-out fantasy disappeared; but he still beheld a world which was quite his own, and maintained his curious power to make us see it. The twenty-year break in his novel-writing was caused, first, by his wartime dedication of himself and his gifts to the R.A.F.; then, by his preoccupation with autobiography: the third of what have been two brilliant volumes is, we learn, to be with us soon. His return, with *Aspects of Love*, to fiction shows (as one would expect) a deepened maturity, though, as to style and outlook, no too great change.

**O**NCE again he is giving us a story which, as a story, some might declare preposterous. The theme, indeed, is what some English are prone to consider French—a study of love between pairs of lovers who happen to be widely apart in age. One of the central characters is French, and throughout the scene is France. We learn how Rose, a young actress of promise, temporarily stranded in the provinces, falls in with Alexis, a love-struck English youth, and accepts his offer to camp with him in his uncle's shut-up villa, near Pau. Rose, true to her code, on the strength of this endows Alexis with her love.

The villa idyll, however, is interrupted by the return of the uncle, Sir George Dillingham, who has heard rumours of what is going on. Age has not (alas for Alexis) rendered the baronet-poet less attractive: Rose transfers her affections. Alexis, shaken, goes off and joins the Army.

**Y**EARS later, a hardened soldier, Alexis returns from the East, still haunted by dreams of Rose. He finds her installed in Sir George's Paris flat, and lets off a gun at Rose. Sir George, meanwhile, chivalrously departs to Italy, leaving the two young people to find happiness.

Rose, not seeing things that way, and nastily wounded in the arm, flees Alexis and follows Sir George to Italy. Later, the two marry. Their child Jenny is, at the age of thirteen, to fall in love with Alexis, twenty years her senior. Rose, now distracted by an *affair du cœur* with Vincent, twenty years her junior, fails, as mother, to cope with the situation. Sir George, whose sole idol is now Jenny, suffers accordingly. And so on. . . . A pretty kettle of fish! Yet, *Aspects of Love* holds all the convincing magic of David Garnett.



Paul Tanqueray



## A GREAT PHOTOGRAPHER REDISCOVERS AMERICA

**N**EW light of a most entertaining and alliance-strengthening nature is thrown on the U.S. domestic scene in Cecil Beaton's seventeenth book, *It Gives Me Great Pleasure* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 16s.), describing a lecture tour he made in America, and illustrated with his own drawings—the one here shows Texan cowboys relaxing. While in the U.S. Mr. Beaton prepared designs for Enid Bagnold's new play, *The Chalk Garden*. He is returning there to supervise the preliminaries of the musical version of his work, *My Royal Past*, with book and music by Sandy Wilson, and Hermione Gingold in the lead





## Motoring

# STEAM-CAR SEASON

Oliver Stewart



**I**N spite of all advances, motor-cars remain unduly sensitive to the weather.

On the first really cold day the roads appear to be littered with steamers and stoppers. There are the cars which pass with steam gushing from under the bonnet and there are the cars standing by the wayside, their drivers battling with metal, some of which is icy cold and some almost red-hot. It is a sorry comment on weather-worthiness.

The manufacturer's reply is well known. It is that the car will run as well in the depths of a hard winter as in the summer, provided precautions are taken. So every year we have a rehearsal of those precautions. Test the battery, they say; change to a low viscosity oil; go through the entire ignition system and, if necessary, replace the plugs by new ones. Finally, keep the car in a warmed garage at night.

Some manufacturers even have the nerve to recommend the motorist of 1955 to turn the engine over with the starting handle before engaging the starter—which I regard as a piece of impertinence. No one nowadays ought to touch a starting handle unless he is concerned with a veteran or a vintage car.

**N**ow there have been complaints that cars are becoming too stereotyped in design and the answer is that standardisation has come about as a consequence of survival of the fittest. The design features which are common to most British cars, it is said, are those which have stood the test of experience. That may be so; but it remains true that those of us who have to drive in all weathers usually find cause for complaint about weatherworthiness.

It should be possible to leave a car out in the open in all weathers and yet to get a good start every morning provided the battery is not more than two years old and has been kept in order. There is no excuse for demanding a warmed garage. And it should equally be possible to leave a car standing for a long period, yet make an immediate start.

The driver who uses his car every day does not always see the bad side of winter starting. But let him go abroad for a month, or be unwell, or use another car, and there is a different test of good starting. As for turning the engine by hand, I do not think this ought nowadays to be demanded, and so I am not opposed to the present custom of some manufacturers of omitting the starting handle. It would, however, be a guarantee against some troubles if there were a means of turning the engine other than by the starter. I have often suggested a small inertia starter, and I still think it would be a valuable fitting.

If the starting handle is ruled out, a car becomes as good as, but no better than, its Bendix pinion. For if that fails there is no means of obtaining a start without assistance.

**I**t seems strange and unbalanced to spend so much money upon the engine and the chassis and the coachwork, and yet leave the enjoyment of these things entirely within the responsibility and trustworthiness of one small, inaccessible part.

The same is partly true of windscreen wipers in modern cars. If it is snowing, the windscreen wiper has a hard job. If it fails, the many hundreds of pounds spent on the car might as well have been put down the sink for all the value they give. There should be a secondary means of keeping a screen clear on the driver's side.

Unless the windscreen is openable, how can it be kept clear if the wiper fails? It is not often possible to reach round from the side window, and in any event it is unpleasant to have to drive with the

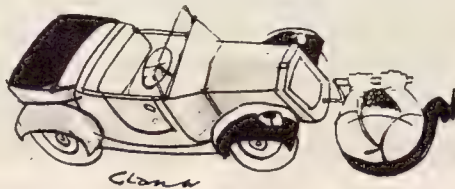
side window open in really bad weather. So I am interested in work done recently by the Boeing aeroplane company in the United States. This company has developed a silicone compound which, when applied to a windscreen, will keep it clear in the worst rain. The only trouble is that the effects of treating a screen wear off in two or three months, and the treatment itself is rather elaborate.

It is not improbable, however, that if silicone-treated screens were vigorously canvassed, methods would be discovered for treating them more expeditiously.

**O**NE more winter point deserves mention; the dazzle caused by improperly-designed street furniture. Large numbers of scientific workers have been concerning themselves with dazzle; but they do not seem to know—or at any rate, they show no signs of knowing—that dazzle can be caused by other things than motor-car headlamps.

An example is those short pillars bearing the words "Keep left" in a panel at the top, and illuminated by powerful internal lights at night, which often stand at the intersection of side roads and main roads. The side-road driver must try to search the main road to his right for oncoming traffic—including immense lorries with minute side-lights—in the face of a light which is directly dazzling to him. In fog it becomes impossible to scan the main road to the right effectively in these conditions, and even in clear weather it cannot be done properly.

We should have more faith in road research workers and indeed in all highway authorities and Ministries of Transport if they would sometimes take action about such obvious dangers. But they never seem to do so. They are so wrapped up in all the things the motorist ought to do that they forget that there is another side to the matter, and that it concerns the reciprocal to motoring, which is the roads and road furniture.



Guests at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club Dinner and Dance at the Savoy

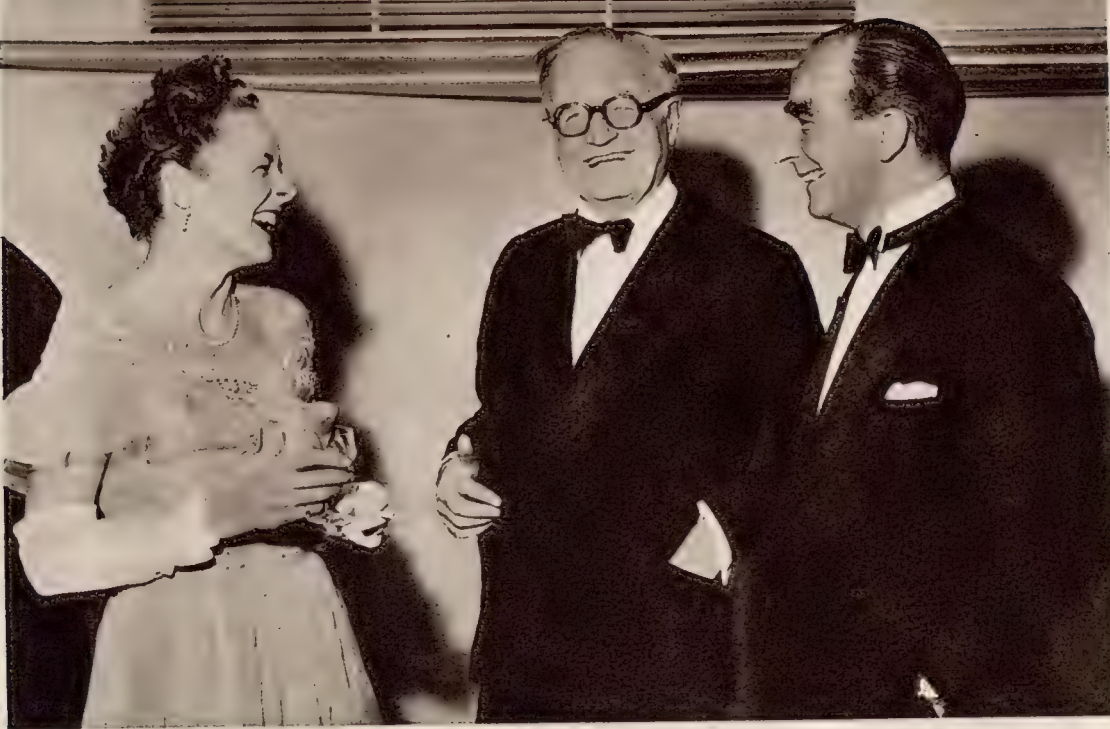
Gabor Denes

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hiscock, of Wanderer III., the guests of honour, listening to A/Cdre. A. D. Rogers, Club secretary

Miss Anne Burke was being escorted by Mr. R. Pitcher. More than 200 attended this successful event

Lord Waleran, Mrs. Jack Crabtree, the Hon. Vere Eliot, son of the Earl of St. Germans, and Lady Waleran were having an aperitif





## ALPINIST FRIENDS MET AT KANDAHAR DINNER

THE ballroom was the meeting-place for winter sports enthusiasts when the Kandahar Ski Club gave their annual dinner and dance at the Savoy. Nearly 200 guests were present discussing plans and past adventures, while an accordionist playing Swiss and Tyrolean tunes between dances helped to create a holiday atmosphere

*Mrs. Jeanette Oddie, Sir Arnold Lunn, and Mr. James Riddle, a vice-president of the Club, which was founded at Wengen in 1925*

*Below: Miss Florence Heuer, a visitor from Switzerland, with Miss Julia Hargreaves*

*Below: Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Passmore had a cocktail before dinner*



*Also enjoying the party were Miss Ursula Robinson, Mr. J. K. Haselden, Lady Raeburn*



*Miss R. Macleod, Mr. E. E. Warburg, Mr. N. Dimmy and Miss E. B. King were among those who gathered for a chat in the bar*



*Miss Susan Bateman and Mr. Gordon Ramsay sat out one of the dances at their supper table*



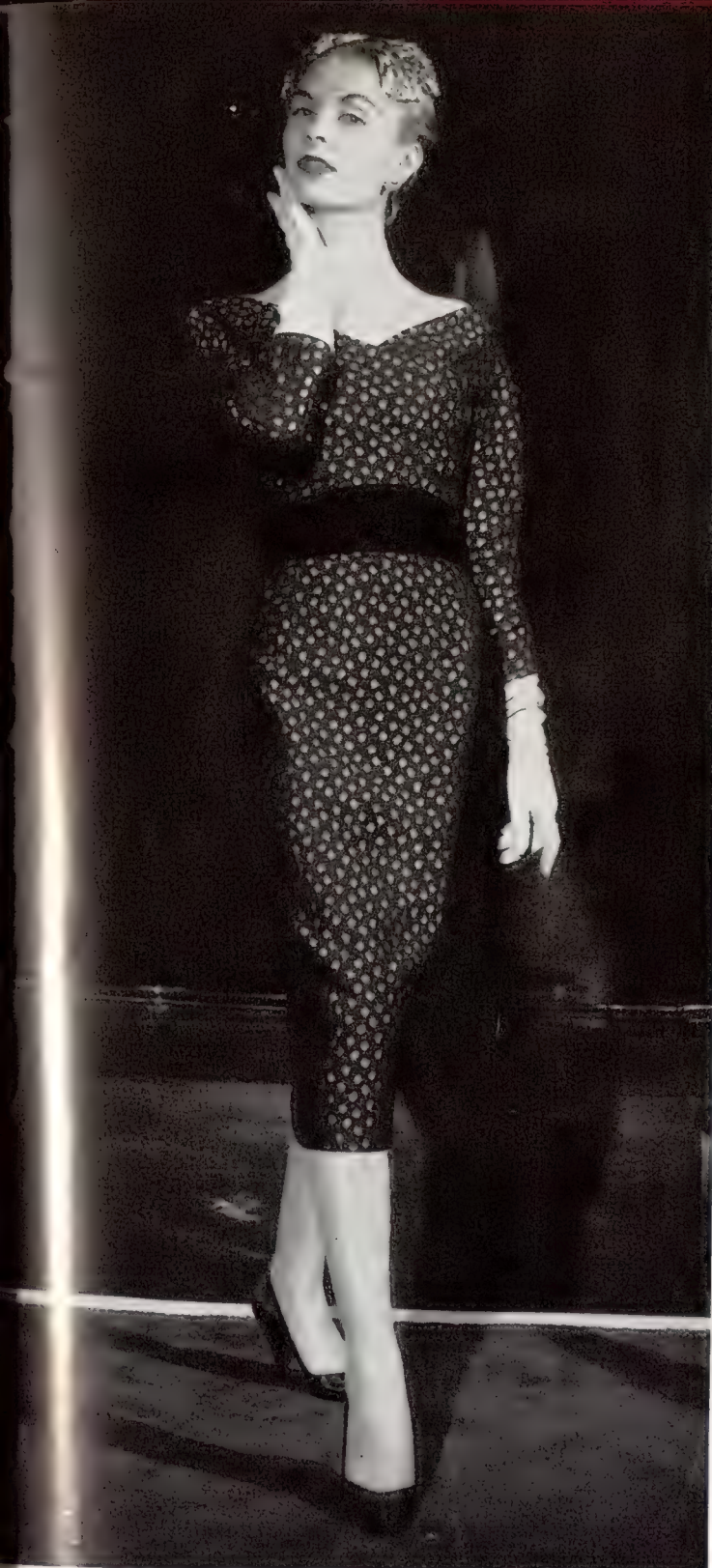
*Desmond O'Neill*

*Checking their table number before dinner were Mr. Ian Church and his fiancée, Miss Elizabeth Messel*









## An afternoon invitation

THE suits and dresses on these two pages and overleaf have been chosen (writes Mariel Deans) with an eye to those 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. affairs, luncheon party, matinée, tea party or afternoon reception. They shade from the "could-spend-the-morning-shopping" to the "could-spend-the-evening-dancing." We hope that we have provided for most eventualities. Photographs were taken at the Globe Theatre. Hats by Vernier

*Left:* A beautifully tailored suit with a pull-through cravat collar. It is made in a mixed brown and black wool worsted by Marcel Fenez and comes from Harrods' Model Suit department. The black melusine beret is edged with white feathers

*Above:* A Christian Dior C.D. model, "Clara" is made of a French novelty fabric in black with bronze spots. Belted with black velvet it has a very becoming wide vee-shaped décolletage. From the Galeries Lafayette. Cap of bronze-coloured petals

*Above, right:* This silver-grey patterned pure worsted suit, by Simon Massey has a big collar and three-quarter cuffed sleeves. It comes from Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge. The hat is a scrap of black velvet wrapped round with a tie of stiff quilts





John Cole

*Continuing*

## Dresses to last through from luncheon to midnight

*Left:* Hardy Amies's Boutique sell this grey mazette-brocade dress and bolero jacket (not shown). Here is an ensemble that most women would find useful. The hat is a swan-like affair of white feathers

*Above:* This silvery-beige coloured dress is made of worsted taffeta. Very beautifully tailored, it comes from Jacqmar in Grosvenor Street

*Right:* The Maggy Rouff Boutique at Fenwicks sells this very charming black wool dress with its very typical Maggy Rouff line and black velvet trimming









Peter Clark



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK—by Mariel Deans

FOR THAT CHRISTMAS WEEK





***B**URBERRYS supply this extremely nice three-piece in petrol blue knobbly finished tweed. It is one of the tough, warm, really hardwearing garments that will stand up to any amount of wear with unruffled aplomb. Above is the suit without the coat. Right: this light blue sweater of pure botany wool with a high-built neckline costs 49s. 6d. It comes in many colours from Burberrys in the Haymarket. The topcoat costs 17 gns. and the suit 16 gns. Both can be also obtained in cherry red*



WEEKEND IN THE NORTH





Two soup sets, each of which consists of four pieces—dish, bowl, lid and spoon. £1 1s. per set

## Capriccio Chinois

*F*OLLOWING the colourful displays of china from Italy and other Continental countries, we find the Chinese influence coming to the fore. Here are some attractive examples from Woollands, Knightsbridge, of Chinese art, which are both graceful and delicate

— JEAN CLELAND



*Left:* Five-inch diameter enamel dish, 8s. 6d.  
*Right:* Coffee cup and saucer of extreme chic, 5s.





Enamelled dishes,  
decorated in the classic  
style of Chinese flower  
painting, 16s. 9d. each



Above: This enamelled  
cigarette box, size 3½ in.  
by 3 in., and two ash-  
trays costs £3 5s. the set

Dennis Smith



Right, above: Set of three  
bowls, £1 16s. the set,  
matching plates, 5s. 9d..  
18s. 9d. and 15s. 9d.  
Below: Two-piece porcelain  
hors d'oeuvres set, 10s. 9d.







HER HANDS having been cared for, she is now giving her face treatment with Yardley's "Captive Beauty"

## Beauty

# Now — the merry ladies

"**G**OD Rest ye Merry, Gentlemen." For the last quarter of an hour, while I have been tearing round, telephoning the butcher, the baker, dealing with shopping lists and a hundred and one other pre-Xmas matters, this gay carol with its cheerful message has been ringing in my ears. Played from a gramophone somewhere in the offing, it has moved me to vigorous protest. "God rest ye Merry, Gentlemen" indeed. Why not "God rest ye Merry, Ladies." A pretty piece of favouritism towards the male sex if ever there was one.

Rest is the last thing most merry ladies are thinking of just now. They have got far too much on their hands to give "rest" more than a yearning thought. Which brings me to the point of this article.

**HANDS.** If they belonged to a Union, they would be making a fortune in overtime. As it is they toil on, doing a variety of tasks that are likely to land them in bad shape for Christmas unless some extra attention is given them.

**F**IRST of all, do take care with regard to soap powders and all manner of detergents.

Excellent though these may be for washing china, glass, stockings, undies, etc., they often prove rough on the hands, particularly if the skin is at all sensitive. The best way of guarding against ill effects is to use one of the barrier creams which offer excellent protection. You can get some specially designed for dry skin. If you do not happen to have any by you at the moment, then my advice is to resort to a pair of rubber gloves. In either case, it is *still* wise to avoid immersing the hands in soapy water more than is absolutely necessary. Use a long handled mop whenever possible, especially when helping with one of those pre-Christmas jobs such as washing spare glass and extra china for the parties ahead.

**A** FREQUENT complaint at this time of year is that hands get dry and flaky. There is only one way to remedy this, and that is by keeping them thoroughly well nourished. There are all manner of excellent preparations on the market for doing this effectively, but to go out and buy any one of them and stick it on the bathroom shelf is not enough. To get the best out of these preparations, it is important to remember two things. One, that the nourishing must be *regular*. Two, to know something about the various makes, so that you may differentiate between them. There are, of course, all kinds, but speaking generally, I would say that they could be divided into about four groups:

Rich emollient creams, intended to "feed" the skin. These are



best used before going to bed and left on until the morning. Liquids and lotions designed for use immediately after washing, to soften the skin and counteract any harshness caused by hard water and detergents.

Cleansing hand creams to be rubbed on the hands *before* washing.

Youthifying hand creams, with special ingredients to revive and renew skin that is looking wrinkled and old.

How, from such a variety, can you decide which is which? The best thing to do is to go to a beauty department in one of the big stores, where there are a number of different makes on show. Tell one of the salesgirls (who are experts in these matters) exactly what kind of thing you need, and let her advise you.

When the skin is pleasantly soft and smooth, you can then think about improving the colour, which, as the summer tan gradually fades—and this takes an *unconscionable* time—can be best described as "off-white."

Two things can be done to hasten the whitening process. Get a really good bleaching cream and apply it every other night. On alternate nights it is important to continue with a rich hand cream, since this counteracts the drying effect of the bleach. Once or twice a week, when you have a little time to spare, make use of a whitening pack or masque. Spread it on just as you would for the face, allow it to dry, and then remove it with cold water.



REVLON'S "Queen of Diamonds" nail varnish with matching lipstick. Complete in box, 12s. 6d., from most good stores

**N**AILS seem to suffer more than anything else when the hands are out of condition, and every care should be taken to prevent and correct breaking and splitting. One of the finest treatments I know is to warm a little olive

oil in a basin and give the nails a good soaking in this two or three times a week. The oil not only feeds the roots, but helps to soften the cuticles and keep them from getting ragged. As an extra safeguard, there are some excellent nail preparations in the form of both creams and liquids, which, rubbed well into the base, strengthens the nails and stops them from breaking.

Before applying nail varnish, brush on an undercoat of Revlon's "Frosted Prolife." This makes the varnish last much longer, and acts as a protection to the nails.

When prettifying-up in the evening, the look of the hands can be greatly enhanced with a little make-up such as you would use on the face. Pat on a little powder base, and then powder lightly on top of it. This gives a look of "finish" that is most attractive.

—Jean Cleland

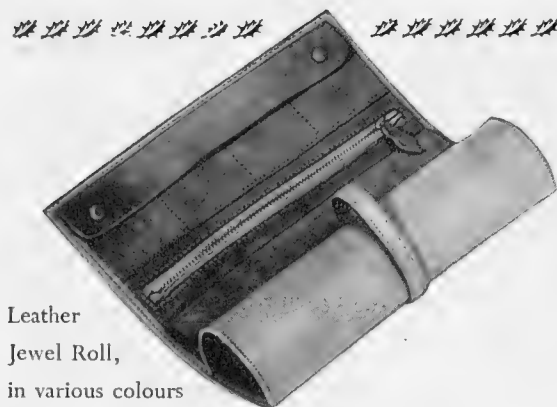


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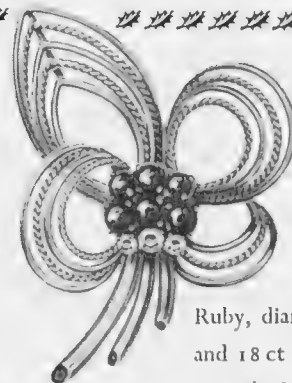
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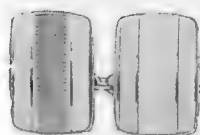
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Lipstick Holder £8. 5. 0



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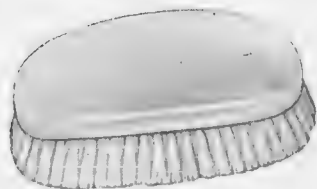


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Calf hide Handbag,  
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tan, cherry,  
gunmetal, sage  
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Paul Tanqueray

Miss Gwenda Margaret Mark, only daughter of W/Cdr. R. T. Mark, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Mark, of Scotsgap, Northumberland, is engaged to Mr. John Dashwood, younger son of Sir John Dashwood, Bt., C.V.O., and Lady Dashwood, of West Wycombe, Buckinghamshire

## THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Lenarc

Miss Alison Rosemary Brewis, younger daughter of Mr. R. S. Brewis, M.C., and Mrs. Brewis, of The Little House, Sunningdale, is to marry Mr. John Maurice Childs, only son of Mr. R. Childs, of Enborne Road, Newbury, and of the late Mrs. Childs, of Thorpe, Kettering



Harlip

Miss Merida Gascoigne, daughter of Maj-Gen. Sir Julian and Lady Gascoigne, of Onslow Square, S.W.7, has announced her engagement to Mr. Andrew Watt Drysdale, second son of Sir Matthew and Lady Drysdale, Egerton Crescent, London, S.W.3



Harlip

Miss Judith Ann Lund, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lund, of Ugthorpe, Yorkshire, and Park Lane, W.1, is engaged to marry Mr. Peter William Barrows, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Leonard Barrows, of Rowington, nr. Warwick



Pearl Freeman

Miss Paula Faine Gibbons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gibbons, of Brook House, Claverley, near Bridgnorth, Shropshire, is to marry Mr. Bernard Hugh Meynell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Meynell, of Wolverley House, Albrighton, Shropshire





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And what watches the Swiss make for women! Gold watches, steel watches, watches set among diamonds; watches on bangles, on bracelets, on straps; wrist-watches, ring-watches, brooch-watches; sensible watches, that you don't know where you'd be without . . . and sumptuous watches, that are jewels in their own right.

The Swiss make all the kinds there are—superbly. They are famous for it.

**Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard**

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*Go to a good jeweller, who really knows Swiss watches. His advice is skilled and knowledgeable: very well worth having.*

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## THEY WERE MARRIED

**Baring—Renwick.** The Hon. John Baring, elder son of Lord and Lady Ashburton, of Ichen Stoke House, Alresford, Hants, married Miss Susan Renwick, elder daughter of Sir Robert Renwick, of Winkfield, Berks, and of Mrs. John Ormiston, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



**Mason—Nelson.** Mr. Roland Mason, son of Major and Mrs. Dermot Mason, of Wilts, England, married Miss Ruth Nelson, third daughter of Mrs. Duncan Nelson, and the late Mr. Duncan Nelson, of Gabbinba, Toowoomba, Queensland, Australia, at St. Stephen's Church, Toowoomba

**Hughes—Fayle.** Mr. Richard David Beynon Hughes, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Hughes, of The Dutch House, Stoke Poges, Bucks, married Miss Jane Adelaide Fayle, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. D. B. W. Fayle, of Weavers House, Uley, Gloucestershire, at St. Giles Church, Uley



**Brikkenaar van Dijk—de Bruyn.** Lt. J. E. Brikkenaar van Dijk, 4th Regt. Hussars, elder son of the late Mr. A. L. S. Brikkenaar van Dijk and of Mrs. J. E. Brikkenaar van Dijk, of Bussum, Holland, married Miss Géraldine de Bruyn, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Gerard de Bruyn, at the Town Hall, Rotterdam, and afterwards at the Remonstrantse Kerk



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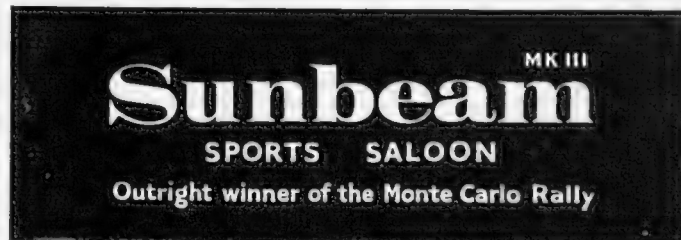
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**1953** Sunbeam won 4 *Coupe des Alpes*, and the *Coupe des Dames* in the Alpine, the Team Prize in the Monte Carlo.

**1954** The Supreme Award, Gold Cup and the *Coupe des Dames* in the Alpine, Team Prize in the Monte Carlo.

**1955** The Outright Winner, the *Coupe des Dames* and L'Equipe Cup (Best Three cars same make) in the Monte Carlo.



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MISS CLAIRE BLOOM is greeted by Mr. Vernon Hunt, Director of the Folio Society, at the party in Brook Street

## DINING OUT

### Salvo of invitations

Now the party and tasting season is indeed upon us; invitations come from all directions to parties of every sort and kind, taking place at all hours of the day and many of the night. I suppose it is the approach of Christmas which stirs people into this frenzy, but it would ease the situation if they spread them out over a longer period. The result is that one totters about with ever-increasing blood pressure, dyspepsia, indigestion, and a somewhat vacant look on one's face, swearing from day to day that one will go on a diet, refuse every third drink, and making other improbable promises to one's battered self.

On occasions one can even be seen looking surreptitiously at books which urge you to eat less and grow younger, or live on lemons and turn yellow, or live on honey and live to be a hundred, and so on and so forth. Alas, it all comes to nothing.

As our old friend Omar Khayyám so rightly said:

*Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before  
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?  
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand  
My thread-bare Penitence a-pieces tore.*

I realize that spring is far away but Christmas has the same effect.

THE Folio Society who publish the world's great books in collector's editions, well designed and illustrated, for its members at a very reasonable cost, have recently paid considerable attention to the Persian poet's views on the subject of the benefits to be received by consuming the products of the grape.

Not only have they just published a special edition of the first version of Edward Fitzgerald's *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* but have opened their own club at 70 Brook Street and installed a wine bar where you can get various wines by the glass, carafe or bottle, and drink them while you browse through their latest publications.

This, of course, called for a party which included members of the Iranian Embassy with their daughters who wore their national costumes; Sir Francis Meynell, R.D.I.; the Vyvyan Hollands; Sir William Russell Flint, R.A.; Claire Bloom; H. E. Bates; and to my great pleasure Robert Gibbings, who wrote one of my favourite books called *Coming Down The Seine*, describing a trip by canoe from the source of the Seine to Paris.

SPeAKING of books brings one to another party held at the Royal Empire Society. This was a sherry tasting by John Harvey and Sons, of Bristol, to celebrate the publication of the book *Bristol Cream* by Godfrey Harrison (Batsford, 18s.) and to give the first showing of a short film entitled *The Harvey Story*. The book is illustrated and very well produced, a fascinating account of the social and commercial life of a great city and the activities of a firm who have had a fine name in the wine trade for over 130 years.

From Harvey's to herrings and a lunch party at Prunier's, where the Second Sea Lord, Sir Charles Lamb, K.C.B., C.V.O., presented the Prunier Trophy to Skipper J. A. Duncan and the crew of the *Morning Star* for the biggest herring catch of the season. The catch was very much smaller than in previous years, which is not surprising as it has been the worst herring season on record. All sorts of reasons were produced for this state of affairs and it is quite obvious that some international agreement must be reached for the control of herring fishing, or the situation will become desperate.

Although the *Filets de Hareng* Trophy on the menu were excellent, for myself I do not think you can beat a plain grilled soft-roed herring.

The speech of the lunch, and quite a remarkable one, was made by Skipper Duncan without notes, who put up with all the lights placed about the room by the television gentlemen with great aplomb.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### Time for the Goose Fare

IN the special Christmas Number of The TATLER, turkey, roast beef, Christmas (or plum) pudding, mince pies and other "specials" of the British Christmas table were well taken care of, but goose, which some people like even better than turkey (a transatlantic bird, after all), was not. I would like, therefore, to write a few appreciative words on it.

When I was very young, we always had at least one goose during the winter, if only because it provided the wonderfully good fat which our mothers believed to be the sure cure for chest colds. (I believe it was.)

Escoffier rather disparages goose flesh. "The principal value of the goose from the culinary point of view," he writes, "lies in the fact that it supplies the best, the most delicate and firmest *foie gras*." This seems to me to be something of an understatement, for where else would one get goose liver?

He goes on to say, "Apart from this property, the preciousness of which is truly inestimable, goose is really served only at bourgeois or family tables."

BE that as it may, I like to serve goose once a year, even if it is not an economical bird. But, for me, goose is a little more tender at Michaelmas than at Christmas, by which time it has passed its early youth.

So, if you plan to have a goose because you like its soft, rich flesh, do ask your poulterer to pick you one which will do you credit at table.

There is any number of stuffings for geese and the one from home must come first. For a 9- to 10-lb. bird, peel and chop 3 good-sized onions, then blanch them and drain them well. Melt about 1 oz. butter, and in it toss 4 oz. breadcrumbs over a low heat. Remove and add the onions, 2 teaspoons of well-powdered dried sage leaves, salt to taste and plenty of freshly milled black pepper. Bind with a beaten egg.

I hope the poulterer has prepared the goose for roasting? If so, stuff the body end with the filling. I myself always make a shallow horizontal cut above the opening and, having loosely filled in the stuffing, draw the tail-feathers stump through it. This settles the closure and, if the poulterer has not made too large a gap in the first place, there will be no need for any sewing-up.

PLACE the goose on a grid in the roasting tin. Brush melted butter all over the surface, then prick the skin around the breast nearest the legs to release some of the fat. Sprinkle with salt and bake for 20 minutes in a hot oven (425 deg. F. or Reg. 6 in a gas oven). Lower the heat to 350 deg. or Reg. 3, turn the bird over and cook for about 2½ hours in all. Serve with any gravy you like, but, first, pour off all the fat and store it against those chest colds.

In *The Best of Boulestin* (Heinemann, 21s.) there is a stuffing for Goose Landaise which, for me, is a little rich, but you may like it: Mix together 4 oz. breadcrumbs, 4 oz. sausage meat (I prefer minced lean shoulder of pork), the finely chopped goose liver, 8 stoned olives cut in half, 2 to 3 anchovies, finely chopped and pounded into a paste, and a little chopped parsley. Season to taste after mixing (because of the saltiness of the anchovies), adding freshly milled pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Bind with a beaten egg. Sprinkle the inside of the goose with lemon juice, then fill with the stuffing and proceed as above.

Then there is the Danish way which I like very much. Simply stuff the goose with sliced apples and stoned prunes, in proportions to your own liking. Serve, if you like, with steamed shredded red cabbage, cooked first in a little butter and then sharpened with vinegar in a little water.

—Helen Burke



MR. LEONARD JACKSON, Chairman of Gordon Hotels, chats with Miss Denny Dayors before the waterfall, at the Cascade Restaurant opening in Mayfair Place



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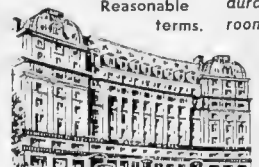
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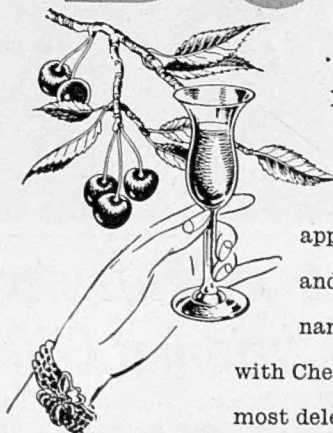
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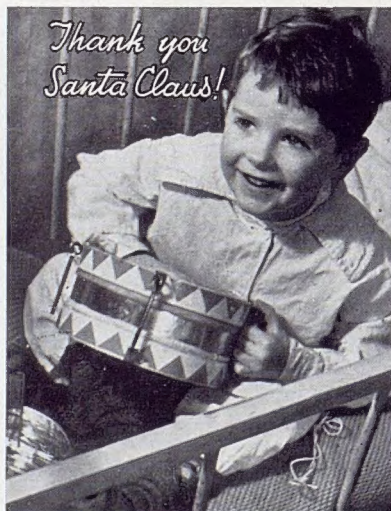
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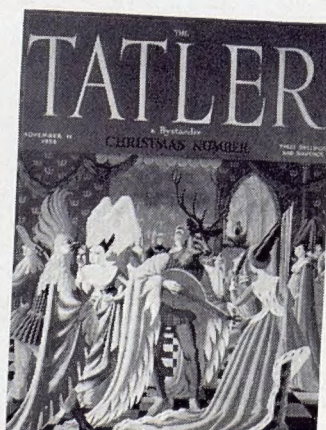
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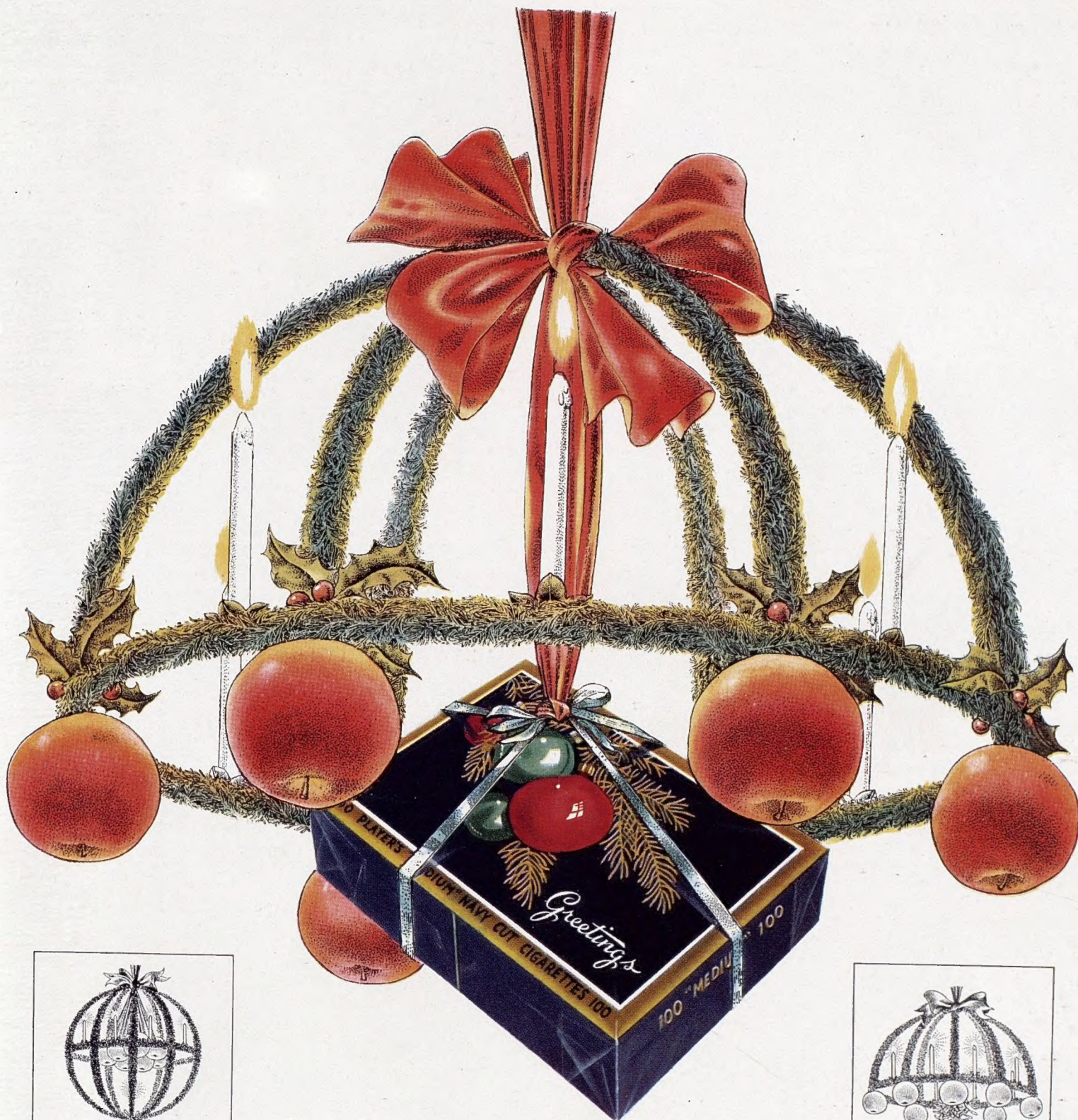
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